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in Acad. Oxon.
ex Testamento
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IOHANNES THORPE,

A. M. OXON. & S. A. S.

Ætat. LXXII.

See page 257 8 9 Vol 1st

MOONSHINE,

. . . . . " A kind of hobbling prose,
That limps along, and tinkles in the close,"
(DRYDEN.)

CONTAINING

MISCELLANEOUS TRIFLES.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY DAVISON, SIMMONS, AND CO.
LOMBARD-STREET, WHITEFRIARS.

1832.

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BALA.

ON THE FATE OF A FLOWER.

AMBITION yonder meadow press'd,
Her vehicle the female breast:
Sure on the shore of Anglesea
Some Roman heroine this must be,
By shrieking Britons taught new* fear,
Through that old avenue the ear;
Long lost to us the Menai's flood;
Know, friend, 'twas here Ambition stood;
So very tractable a power,
She stoop'd to gathering a flower,
Of whose race, be it known to you,
Some lowly, like the crocus, grew,
While this rose high to brave the day—
But see! the root is borne away;
For even this†, a faithless sod,
Surrender'd to, we 'll say, her nod;
Crimson its foliage, stalk, and bloom,
Our plant might wave a helmet's plume,
Though only pluck'd to deck a room.

* For they had superstitious fears enough.

† For the real lover of plants will not take up the roots of rare ones; though by others this has been done, till, in some wilds, the orchis is almost extirpated, without the garden being enriched.

Had this vase been of China's earth,
Its dyes were here of no more worth
Than were this water, if from stream
Which glitters in the miser's dream;
Since Nature's doom'd alike to mourn
Over a Cæsar's, and this urn.
Dead is the flower, dead 'mongst a score
Of those alive, cull'd long before,
And less indulged; for many drank
Their vital draught from numbers rank;
Yet though for sleepy hawksweeds fearful,
They wake to make each beacre cheerful;
And various roses here unfold
Those sweets in every sonnet told;
Nay, here the more fastidious fern,
To live a little while, would learn.
Had I but left thee in thy mead,
Hope had look'd forward to thy seed,
The undeceived Ambition cried,
As this she placed amongst the dried;
While willing to divert her grief,
'Twas thus I scribbled on a leaf.
Just so, when from the cottage torn
Some lovely maiden, to adorn

The haram of her lawless lord,
(Who of great beauty boasts a hoard,
Which, unconcern'd, perceives its fate,
Nay worse, with such disgrace elate.)
The young Maria, from a faith
Impure, though ever in a bath,
Won by that church which tells her vice
And virtue are without a price:
The tyrant cried, when on the morrow
He view'd the victim of her sorrow,
" Had I, according to her prayer,
Rejected this capricious fair,
Whom, strange! my favour has destroy'd,
A smile might now have been enjoy'd
Grom Gratitude in this—this hour,
By horror seized to mock my power.
She talk'd of Heaven—our Prophet—grief! despair!
Gives us but Houries, not Maria's there."
Thus raved Abdallah, till, become more calm,
" Ye slaves, with cost my fav'rite Greek embalm."

THE DEE.

FROM A COTTAGE AT THE BRIDGE OF BALA LAKE.

THE traveller entering Wales this way*
Shall inconsiderately say,
" Is this the much-admired Dee,
Which from a Seward's pen we see?"
Then being told, 'tis really so,
Thinks all its beauties thence must flow,
Just as we see some trifling things
Ennobled by the swords of kings;
For opposite this cot it crawls,
As in the neighbourhood of Paul's;
Stolen from a New River cut,
Does that dyke round a villa put,
Which was before so snug and neat;
" Snip vows it must be now complete,"
Thinking—with whom, it is no matter—
This cannot be unless there's water.
Nay, the young citizen surpasses
Us in his banks, ours boasts but grasses.

* From Oswestry over the Berwyn mountains.

From Lombardy are his supplied,
Though far from stretching * o'er the tide.
Such poplars stiffly guard each side:
Before the grove's a twelvemonth old,
By creditors the ground is sold.
As from the Berwyn we descended,
This Dee caught wand'ring, not much mended,
Was that conjecture which is harsh
Enough to murmur out a marsh,
Of far less beautiful a green
Than that by briny Arun seen.
But, stranger, be it known to thee,
You 'll at Langollen find this Dee,
The very river that 's pourtray'd
By Pennant and the tuneful maid.
So to your anger give not way,
Till there you've been and at Win-stay.
For, like the fairest human mind
Strictly examining, you find
It sometimes deep and full of grace,
At others but a common place.

* An old song says,
"While poplars far stretching o'er-arch the cool tide."

GREEN MOUNTAIN, BALA LAKE.

WHAT power shall my muse invoke
To save from the impending stroke
This poor remains of Bala's oak?
Shall she upon the Druid call?
Haste to prevent your fav'rite's fall;
To you this age appears the dark,
Which strips the mountain bare for bark.
Those limbs which glossy ivies bound,
Naked and mangled strew the ground,
Whose ruffled greensward hurts the eye,
Where crush'd the yellow violets lie;
Now mosses (of what varied kinds!)
First feel the fury of the winds;
By them to sure destruction borne,
When from their ancient parent torn.
No hops curl here to beg the wood,
Which for our navy safe had stood;
But fate demands—demands the small
Ermines and mountain oaks must fall!
How weeps the Genius of the Lake,
While Commerce, laughing, hastes to make,
Regardless of those tears, her cross;
But commerce may repair your loss:

" Would you with hopes like these deceive,
Repair again to see me grieve;
Again to tear my pride away."
She said, and sunk before the day,
Who round her shores insulting play'd,
And triumph'd where there once was—shade.

RHYDAGOWRY.

We sung of Bala yesterday,
Now from its lake pursue our way,
Till met by just the stream * we love,
Where, 'mid huge masses, hangs that grove,
Which promises a sober green,
But now in yellow cheers the scene.
O'er steepy steps of storm-bleach'd rock
Each seedling climbs—may Fortune mock
At all their enemies can do
To force them hence, and spoil the view.
That favourite trio, ah! forbear
At least to bring destruction there;
Such oaks as these are but the wands
Of Nature, with them she commands,

* Perhaps the Dee, which in our first view was lately mentioned with no such approbation.

To her grotesque here, due attention:
When from the grove this reprehension,
" Methinks 'twere needless we should grow,
If it is beauty but to show;
Since our poor brethren of the wood
Felt, here 'tis little understood."
Too true, and in those rocks how plain,
No treasure lurks, or soon a train
Of subtlety had pierced the vein,
And from the wounded mountain's side
Grim Avarice * had his thirst supplied;
But cloy'd at length, he asks a bone—
No, hungry still, is rending stone.
Far from my theme I 've run away;
Anticipating thus, why stay
By banks to me no longer gay?

THE SMELLING-BOTTLE.

TRYING intrusive care to balk,
It is determined that we walk,
Now the mountain wood is reach'd,
And breath with difficulty fetch'd;

* The imputation of avarice in this, and the complaint against commerce in the last, are merely whimsical; for any thing we know, the wood may warm an hospital, and the produce of its bark supply it with food.

A new supply of which to get,
And soothe our panting hearts, we sit,
When by another path there came
Across our way an aged dame,
Who near our seats herself threw down,
And a long story would make known;
But finding she 's not understood,
Help'd out by her invention good,
Points to those shoes with many a clout,
And takes a smelling-bottle out *,
From Linsey patch'd—friend of that day,
Familiar with the merry Fay;
Crusoe by name, thou wert not more
Surprised at footsteps on the shore †,
Than we this trace of luxury
On Merioneth's rock to spy;
For yet, her power they do not own,
Though she may lurk within the town,
Or reign in seats that stud the vale:
But this is foreign to our tale,

* But if the poor woman had not been subject to fits (which was sufficient to excite compassion), she would not have had the smelling-bottle with her.

† Believe, threadbare allusion.

The aid bestow'd we need not tell,
But only that our grannam well
Tripp'd on (at least to all appearance)
Without the doctor's interference.

THE WISH FOR SUMMER.

How much do we for summer long,
With her to rove these wilds among.
She comes, but brings disease and strife,
Those claimants upon human life,
To show their scowling fronts between
Us and that joy which cheers the scene.
The grove, the streamlet, and the mead,
When these are here, how shall we heed?
Ah no! the care-encumber'd hours
Will trample down the fairest flowers;
And winter might as well remain,
As summer come with fear and pain;
The chilling rain and blist'ring wind,
Well suited to the wounded mind;
While your gay seasons but deride
Pale Misery, who could ne'er abide
Laughter, intrusive on the ear,
Her eye still labouring with a tear:

I said, as mine 's caught by the Dee,
" What! with my own pen disagree *?
This view can chase old Grief away;
But then, to own one 's wrong—no—stay!
Let us protest, this famous † river,
When meanest met, e'en when we shiver,
Would charm the troubled soul to rest."
But in good truth, it is confess'd
That only Rhiwlas and the lake
May well without art magic make
Those happy, who in July live
Amongst the beauties they can give.

TO THE METHODIST PREACHER.

Across the meadow, lake, and fountain,
We hear thee on this mossy mountain;
By which, I guess, your hope and wish is
T' instruct, with man, the birds and fishes:
" Why not? but little 'bove us placed
Some human beings of the waste,"

* " One man differs not more from another than the same man varies from himself in different periods of his age, and in different situations of fortune," says an admired author.

† " Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream."—*Milton.*

Is well replied by that poor rip
Who feels the butt-end of the whip;
While here, the heavy chaise is o'er
The rocks * tremendous, dragg'd—by four †.

THE HERMIT.

Beside that lake, by famous Deva fed,
The feeble hermit closed his book ‡ and said—
"No time!—Who then my youthful pleasures stole,
And to dejection thus exposed my soul,
Till thou, Religion, came to its relief?"
Thus (though we grant the east a noisy thief)
The rose torn from yon rock, all bare it lies
To noxious vapours, till there shall arise
That lichen gray, which every storm defies.

TO THE TOWN OF ——.

WRITTEN AT BALA.

—— ford, we shun your flaunting town,
Much rather Aberystwith brown §;
Be mine, with its gray roof, nay, thatch,
Yet, hoping flames may never catch

* The Berwyn.
† The only time we had them; these not worse horses than usual.
‡ Soame Jenyns, vol. iii. § The houses stone, and slated.

My cottage, which must stand alone
For curiosity of stone:
In some, Snowdonia's diamonds * grow
Clear as her own congealed snow;
In others, shells and minerals lay;
Sol shall among their beauties stay;
While my eye rests on box and yew,
Be the fond ivy near it too;
Embracing some old gable end,
Which is to Piety a friend;
Our door requires no lofty flight;
Ambition shall not here alight
By Friendship, who would wear the sill;
A step down is not taken ill.
Good Fortune, if you grant all this
At any place, we 're sure of bliss:
But if a transient wish you crown,
Why then at Bala set me down,
To count the torrents from those mountains,
While the lake swells from these new fountains.

JENNY.

JENNY, though running up a hill,
As usual, knits away, until

* Snowdon crystal is sold at the inn at Bethkelort.

The bull is reach'd, who strove to break
His fence, from which she seized a stake,
And with such fury him belabours,
That we, who were his nearest neighbours,
Almost cried mercy for the brute;
Such manners with the scene will suit:
For on a bleak and rocky wild,
Health bore this Amazonian child:
Much favour'd maid, what though your air
The graces aid not, yet a pair
Of potent goddesses your friends:
(Tress and complexion Venus lends;
Capacity for war and arts
Minerva gave). Beware all hearts,
For those who 're proof 'gainst beauty's charms,
May be subdued by force of arms;
Or, by such industry be won,
As they can nowhere find outdone *.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS [21],

IN OUR WAY TO TOWN.

We in a very handsome boat
(Lent by Sir Watkin, you will note,

* Having here seen knitting on horseback.

To us poor travellers) take our way
Upon a sultry summer's day,
When motionless hung every twig,
Thus to the lofty Arenig
And Arun (mountains we must pass),
The lake became a looking-glass;
Old the comparison, 'tis true—
When did *we* promise to be new?
But here it is most apposite,
The water then as black as bright;
Though sunk so low, there was a fuss
To get our boat to come to us;
But of this lake now near the end,
The insidious rock shall lurk to rend;
Not so, we only stick athwart
A piece of timber *, though much art
And labour too it cost our men,
(No dwarfs) to set us off again;
The water soon became still lower,
We 're dragg'd a pretty way to shore,
And this our wondrous voyage † done,
Boasts a description, whereas none

* Possibly part of poor Jenny's cottage, p. 191.
† About four miles.

I gave to that we made from Pill,
To that I made when very ill
From waves so rough. The master back
Return'd *, lest he should be a wreck;
But here we 'll leave both boat and ship,
And, if you please, we 'll take a trip;
No, Cambria's poneys never do 't,
And 'tis in justice to the brute
Declared, we most securely ride
When he 's allow'd to be our guide;
Well, but how get into the road?
Oh, near the baronet's abode †;
And now we visit thee, Cairgay ‡,
Where, strange to tell, for right good whey,
Strangers won't suffer us to pay.

* * * * *

* * * * *

And mentions in its neighbourhood,
Some other miracles as good;

* Twenty miles, being bound for Caermarthen, very heavy laden, and a vessel wrecked near this place a day or two before (November).

† Sir Watkin William Wynne has a shooting house here.

‡ There are wonders, which I cannot recollect, concerning this place, which are, I think, mentioned by Spenser.

Then to the castle Corndochon,
'Tis through a lane we shuffle on,
Cross which there runs, nor wide nor deep,
A river, yet don't hold it cheap;
Such crags beneath, that, if your horse
Can't clear them well, perhaps a corse
The traveller through his plunging lies,
So to be careful I advise;
Now climbing that we thought a hill,
(Some nerve may find it is one still);
Here is variety of moss,
And one cascade; but for the loss
Of water, which you grant essential.
How then shall we make consequential
The object of our morning's toil,
If Truth, that Marplot, comes to spoil
My every attempt at this?
What does the dame here? 'twas to Miss
Imagination I sent greeting,
And so forth, who declines the meeting.
Since things stand thus, what's our relation
But pretty perfect, —— the *foundation?*
Though purpled o'er we found those plains,
Where clamour still her ground maintains;

No conqueror stoop'd to measure blood,
But geese to winberries for food;
Yet do not think we are a bubble,
The view alone well worth the trouble,
Now taken, were the weather cool;
For here the Arenig and pool *
A very different scene afford
To that we daily faced at board †;
Nothing remarkable we saw,
At least, which I shall stay to draw:
After we left that warrior ‡ old,
Of whom the pleasing Pennant told,
Towards Tynefidew we proceed,
Of which in future you may read;
Now of a stream, seen by the by,
Which kept its bed but partially;
Though this was something like that walk §
'Bout which we had such serious talk;

* Bala lake.

† We lodged close to the bridge over the Dee, at the end of the lake.

‡ Warrior in armour in the church of Llan-uwchllyn, in this village: a woman crept up to our guide, and asked him if the swivel stools were pistols!!!

§ Aberystwith shore.

Barefoot, now in, now out of water,
The children knitting, laugh, and chatter;
Then run before us, but to stop,
Till we come up to see them hop;
With playmate kid's agility,
By custom taught tranquillity;
At length return'd into our road,
Let me, my conscience to unload,
Declare, from hence, the ruin seem'd
Just on a mole-hill, which we deem'd,
When there, to be much elevated;
And now we with this prospect sated,
Came to a pretty stream, just where—
I do not know, nor need you care—
My friend's horse lay down when half through;
But as no mischief did ensue,
For this scrap's title, Truth presents
A tale of petty accidents.

TYNEFIDEW *.

My readers' fancy, I will hope,
Assists my sketch, while yonder slope

* This name was only caught by the sound, nor can the writer vouch for exactness in spelling many of the Welsh places, in which maps and books are continually differing.

I paint with verdure bright and dark,
Of rock betraying not a mark;
Then at the foot of such a mountain
He thinks to meet a gentle fountain,
'Mongst pebbles, small and smooth as toys
Roll'd to and fro by gambling boys;
Especially when told a grove,
As if indulgent nature strove
To make the charming scene complete,
Flourish'd in eighteen hundred's heat.
But know, 'tis from the boist'rous Twyrch *
That we behold the weeping birch,
Both group'd and singly, climb the hill;
Thus different beauties vie, until
Here waves a wood, there drops a lawn,
To entice from —— park the fawn:
That cot †, which half-way up they place
T' assist in nursing their rude race,
Its situation makes a grace.
I named the Twyrch—ah! there, my friend,
'Tis through despair my sketch should end;
Roused Curiosity I now
Would gratify. Presumptuous! how

* The river Twyrch.
† Which, from being white, is a pretty object.

Paint its rapidity and force
O'er rocks which oft obstruct its course?
How show the horrors of that night,
In which these masses left their site,
When peace and sleep were put to flight,
Through the bruised earth's upbraiding groans,
Assisted by the clashing stones,
Enormous, and of varied forms?
'Twas thus those wondrous northern swarms,
By a divine appointment, come
To spoil the face of haughty Rome;
So nicely poised this block, a touch
For th' equilibrium seems too much;
Wedged to solidity those rest,
Th' impatient river to molest;
Need we to mention the effect
So obvious of a cataract?
But farther down, see where, on land,
Huge fragments stop, t' our sigh demand
For Jane *, who, lying sick in bed,
Their fellows number'd with the dead,
Swept in her cottage to the grave,
Which waits her in a distant wave †.

* Her neighbours all at a fair. † Bala lake, several miles off.

As from a window we look'd out,
Some native said, " Beyond a doubt,
From Bala all these vapours rise:"
This speech creates but small surprise
In us, who there saw one deny
The lake to our inquiring eye;
Yet in a moment this withdrew *,
The present mist returning to
Each object, in its course, it hides;
Behold, where now it slowly glides
Along this vale, and seems the sprite,
At least the shadow of old night,
Who we should say is just departed:.
I see, Dame Common Sense, you started;
Though Fancy cannot be dismay'd,
E'en at the shadow of a shade;
Nor at those bits of shroud still left
Hanging within the craggy cleft;
He, who from Tynefidew goes
With us, gets safely past Bwlch-groes,
Though 'bove our heads loose flakes of slate,
And the vale forms a chasm great;

* To the foot of the mountains, which form the sides of the valley.

Proceeding, soon we much admired
A mountain prettily attired,
Purple and brown, there mingling green,
Here thrown in easy stripes between;
No loom from Padua's descended
More elegantly colours blended;
Lest you think Fancy is too busy,
Or that such heights have made us dizzy,
Fearless I will point out the place,
The needle's eye is near its base;
Those, Tynefidew, viewing thee,
Wreck'd worlds in miniature shall see;
But of the Alps o'erwhelm'd by ocean,
Though we should here conceive a notion,
Through the immenseness of that thought,
We 're able to deliver nought.

MALWHYD HILL.

That I may tempt my invalid
With me still farther to proceed,
We 're going to Malwhyd the warm,
This title in itself a charm,
As by our host 'tis recommended
For a fine view: the hill's ascended

Walking, because we knew the feat [22]
Perform'd when thence they bring down peat;
No doubt to them such risk is better
Than a long winding course to get here;
But be advised, my feeble friend,
With a good guide you safely wend
Up to the summit of it, riding*;
Return in your *own* feet confiding:
Those are the Arrans—that Idris;
Hills less conspicuous I must miss.
Makynthly on your left is plain,
And in clear weather you the main
Discern, as it adorns Barmouth;
Though, if we must confess the truth,
Such sultry heat hangs in our way,
We cannot see so far to-day:
Waves by the assembled ridges made,
A sea of rock is here display'd;
As to the home scene (Malwhyd vale),
'Tis told in many another tale:
The stream meandering near a road,
On which much cost is not bestow'd,

* Of course, not by the same way that the peat comes, we having suffered much by not staying for a guide to Glastonbury Torr, and thus missing the road:—advise all invalids to be more prudent.

Except the appearance Mowddu made,
Against which raillery * has play'd;
To take this stile, behold that slice,
Stuck by a round hill to entice;
But what a vain attempt it is
For me to sketch a scene like this;
The ash and lime † at Ellesmere
Less wondrous than the yew ‡ is here;
Beneath its shade shall some new lay
Aspire to imitate a Gray
Through a long train of grave reflection,
With this world breaking off connexion;
Or only keeping up enough
To show the poor thing of what stuff
Its favourite schemes are fabricated;
But now my reader's more than sated;
As contemplation here has room,
We leave her playing round the tomb,
With her loved toys, the bone and skull,
From which she 'll crown and sceptre pull;

* Dinas Mowddu—Dinas signifying a city: this title appears a burlesque to those who are used to villages near the metropolis.

† Very large trees in the park there.

‡ A tree remarked by most travellers, the branches of which spread to a great extent.

And view Montgomery's fine site,
Where, in full blossom, limes invite
To linger round its only church,
In which (by care left in the lurch)
Are several monuments *, once fair,
Which, mingling in sad ruins there,
With heads and pillars have strew'd o'er,
Ungrateful sight! the chancel floor:
The gallery's ancient work, they said
To us, " some here call gingerbread;"
So I conclude we may expect
This too will perish through neglect,
Who, motionless and silent, can
Triumph o'er all the works of man.

LIMORE HOUSE, NEAR MONTGOMERY.

Robb'd of simplicity, its only grace,
The taste of childhood easily we trace
In the boy's sparrow, with its painted wings,
Our cottages round town are just such things:
Does their pernicious green offend your nose?
Here to refresh it waits old Galen's rose †;

* The family might not know of their situation—perhaps the case at Arundel, or may be extinct.

† The red rose is made use of in medicine, and the highest trees

For thus this mansion, almost overgrown,
Which shall accept of but a shaded brown,
Striped with pure white, to give the stranger's eye,
At the first glance, its great antiquity;
Such the fair relic at Montgomery.

FESTINION; AN EXCURSION FROM BALA.

TO THAT INGENUITY WHICH PRODUCED THE ARTIFICIAL FLOWER GARDEN *, THIS SKETCH IS MOST GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED, IN TESTIMONY OF THE PLEASURE WHICH THAT PERFORMANCE AFFORDED THE WRITER.

Muse, take this mental scene away,
Its lightest tint an iron-gray;
Where Care diversified is seen,
As that Hope sent by England's queen †
To her young son, the naval duke,
Our hope, when we the foe rebuke.
" Begone, dull Care," and in your place
Let stranger Pleasure show her face:

of this kind that I ever saw were against this venerable house. The same style of building, wood and plaster, now rare in gentlemen's seats, is still to be seen in them in the neighbourhood of Oswestry.

* Exhibited in town about the year 1780.

† On a table set of English china, in which I think the figure of Hope was in some degree varied on each piece.

Though first we once more Flora chide,
Who most capriciously will hide
Her loveliest children in the fen,
Far from the haunts of tasteful men;
'Tis some weeks since we wish'd for rain—
Impatiently, we wish'd in vain;
Which circumstance might well dissuade
From visiting a Welsh cascade.
The Naiad having run away,
'Tis with her bed that she must pay
The indefatigable eye
Of craving Curiosity.
So smooth is that broad sloping mass,
Down it the river glides a glass;
Above this, a stupendous bridge,
Form'd by the same rock, here a ridge;
Below it, pebbles show the power
Of waters in their furious hour;
All this a hill would overlook,
At whose base, though a copse and brook,
Lest these should not the vanquish'd save,
Its stony bowels yield a cave *;

* As they told us, being where the Britons used to hide.

See the balk'd scythe, how loath to stop
Short of the earth, which bears this crop *;
Though we behold her quake e'en now,
She bids defiance to the plough;
To follow here the fairest plant
Were but temerity, we grant;
Thus favourite crowsfoot † fades away,
And some whose names I can't display ‡;
Beside that drooping § single flower,
Whose pale star || 'scapes the Cambrian mower,
Amongst these hoary-headed rushes,
How elegant that tender bush is!

* Which was little better than bog moss; and so tenacious were they in this neighbourhood of every mouthful of grass, that, not being able to hinder my horse from eating as I rode, they repeatedly called to me to prevent him.

† Globe ranunculus.

‡ But one of these, quite new to me, and which I saw nowhere else, I will endeavour to describe: its flower something the size and shape of borage, but the colour of the darkest scabious; the leaf very like in shape and manner of growing to that of roses: I think this plant grew a foot and a half high, the eye flat as flowers in general.

§ Something in the manner and about the height of sowbread, of a light blue.

|| Seven leaves spread close to the ground, and a little bigger than a daisy's, formed the whole of this (to me rare) plant.

Where Art keeps all this race in order,
No prettier vetch adorns the border;
If in that happy region * placed,
Perhaps its effigy had graced
The drawing-room, or o'er that bed †,
Most beautiful, its beauties shed.
Forgive me, Ingenuity—
Forgive me, if, through love of thee,
I endeavour to approach thy school,
Thou nice instructress without rule,
With wondrous innate powers fraught,
Whose art exceeds the art that's taught;
O'er those materials we will turn,
With which the ingenious maid shall learn
To form those toys, which, changed to gold,
Shall cheer the hungry, sick, and old.
First, the poor worm it is supplies
With thread, and see the embroidery rise;
Though it is from the refuse cone
That flower more natural still has grown;
And cambrics which have wiped the tear
From poverty, see beauty wear,

* Kew Garden.
† The Queen's, beautifully embroidered.

Unostentatious of such dew,
In wreaths though given to our view;
With all the tyrant forceps bend,
Feathers * for excellence contend;
Such bouquets yielding to the air,
Itself imprison'd in a chair †;
Nor shall we yet dismiss the bird,
Though it to some may seem absurd;
Our Ingenuity shall beg
The lining of Dame Partlet's egg:
Endless, indeed, it were to tell
Of half she seeks, straw, bark ‡, and shell,
Will she accept, who does not waste
That seal'd on, nor the sealing paste;
Nay, in a two-fold sense, the earth §,
To flowers which can be worn, gives birth;
And roses glow with deepest blush,
Which you pick from the sapless bush;
Yes, from the bramble locks of wool ||,
This Ingenuity shall pull.

* The most delicate artificial flowers are composed of that material.
† A sedan.
‡ See that beautiful festoon of cork, exhibited in the last century.
§ China flowers, sufficiently light to be worn in children's caps.
|| Meaning fruit and flowers composed of dyed wool in pictures.

To warn her pupils, why neglect,
With sculptors and the architect,
That charmers all these curious arts?
So far good sense must guard your hearts,
That the least herb you don't despise,
Which would to Wisdom prove, your eyes
Must through a dusky medium view
That orb the eagle soars unto;
Those flowers which spring beneath the steel,
The botanist but coarse shall feel;
And, on the other hand, how faint
To Nature's is the rose of paint.

THE ORACLE.

Now, gentle reader, if you 'll follow,
The Muse shall sing of an Apollo,
Whom you well know a friend of hers is;
But, ah! what Muse will own my verses?
The god shall sooner raise the sprite
Of Priscian up to set them right.
Well, here are neither of them come
With you; Good-nature is at home,
Who serves our purpose quite as well;
So this concluding, we will tell

How Phœbus, for his beams held weak,
Revenge by Oracle would seek;
'Twas this could make a king his fool,
By talking of a monarch * mule;
Just as, in later day, Macbeth
Was humm'd upon the " blasted heath;"
Indeed, most ravishing such notes,
Though, as they lead to cutting throats,
They 've the composer's mark about 'em,
Yet rash ambition did not doubt 'em;
But now, lest soon your patience fail,
I hasten to begin my tale:
Apollo says, " Let her be told
Who vows, that, vanquish'd by the cold,
And frequently repeated shower,
For ever is my mighty power;
Its force she presently shall feel
So terrible, that to conceal
Herself from the effects of it,
She 'll seek the Acherontic pit."
'Twas thus from out a rock-bred oak [22],
With threatening aspect, Phœbus spoke:
The object of his vengeance heard,
But reasoning thus, she nothing fear'd:

* Crœsus.

" Should we admit this northern sky
With Afric's ardent blaze might vie,
Such an asylum could I wish:"
So all incredulous cried " Pish!"
And with contentment stroll'd away,
Where Fancy well enough might play
With the grotesque, and find out men
And ruins for a better pen;
Then visited that neighbourhood*,
Which to the vale gives Rhiwlas wood;
And Bron, whose whiteness—yes, you've guess'd—
Tempts me to call those firs its nest†;
Near that church ‡, seated on the edge
Of Areg's base, its yew its hedge,
Pass'd Contemplation, as she sat,
Great Cader to admire at,
Till for her food she took the foam
Of Bala's lake; now safe at home
Is —— who had incensed the god;
But 'twas not long before she trod

* Arun mountain.

† The egg is an hereditary simile; for instance, Lady Wortley Montague and the Turkish Pedagogue; Thickness climbing a mountain to see a hermitage; and Cowper, I remember, somewhere talks of a peasant's nest.

‡ Llanychil.

A tawny way, then Mackno scales
To reach Festinion, prince of vales,
(Since Peer and Pennant will agree
To put the fairest robe on thee);
Thence to the river Cyfnal goes;
And now the deity arose
With great delight, to see her toil
Over moor moss, perfidious soil!
Which with a partial bath will treat
Those fainting through excessive heat;
Where not one tree its arm extends,
Though these and —— were ever friends;
Alas! she said, with wishful eye
Cast on its channel, almost dry,
O'erarch'd with boughs, " Were I beneath
These, from its zephyr stealing breath!"
Steep banks forbidding by degrees,
A cot is reach'd, instead of trees,
Where Superstition held her seat,
To show the oracle's complete
(Complete, at least, as those of old,
Which ambiguity made bold);
Declaring that those wishes reach'd
That rock, whence a magician preach'd;

Though round its base a Cyfnal * roll'd,
While winds through the deep channel howl'd,
And that so great this teacher's merits,
Tradition to the gulf gives spirits:
How can I entertain a doubt
But you 'll grant ACHERON made out?

THE FALL OF THE COW.

ONLY an hour or two had run
Away from night to wake the sun,
When we arose, ere this was done,
To view a waterfall, which we
As picturesque present to thee;
Yet beg that you will not suppose
Its height can be compared to those
In Cambria, of a second rate,
Nor are the pains to reach it great;
For here you climb no lofty hill,
Nor yet descend such as might kill
A horse; and though we must allow
Her fate was met here by a cow;
This instance 'tis not fair to bring,
If a Tarpeian sort of thing,

*Name of the river in which I think it was Hugh Peters preached—perhaps Hugh Evans.

Engraved by Pethers & Thomas

FALLS OF RHEIDOL CASTLE,

MERIONETHSHIRE

Published by C. Rickwood, New Bond Street, June 1822

When darkness set on all below—
Not that we heard the story so;
For did we to the truth aspire,
Our time forbad us to inquire;
But if you please, we will proceed
Together through a level mead
(Which, as it is but newly shorn,
Looks smug upon the rising morn),
Until you by a hasty drop
At once upon your object pop;
This even, if your fancy 's cold,
A ruin'd edifice behold;
For, though still opposite their feet,
Rocks o'er the stream attempt to meet,
Till they a broken arch complete—
If you forgive us this offence,
Committed against common sense.
What no unusual sight has been
Here, through the aperture is seen
One fall, another close behind,
Which a deception you will find;
When from the summit looking down,
Some feet there are between them thrown;

Here, not to show the least neglect,
Nature her mimic abbey deck'd
With such a herbage as supplied
The place of ivy, pleased to 'bide
For ever with the mouldering wall,
Not to desert it at its fall,
But round the scatter'd fragments crawl.
From memory begg'd these simple sketches,
'Tis all reluctant now she fetches,
From a strict sage *, this kind remark,
" Full many a line too bright or dark;"
So through a niggard time become,
And mem'ry treacherous at home:
This fall in Nature's prettiest style,
From Festinog about a mile;
When five you 've rode, just out of sight,
Down pours a torrent on your right;
But as the way to it is steep,
If much fatigued, forbear to peep,
And gently on to Bala keep:
Yet, 'twere injustice to the heart
Not to observe the greatest part

* See Rambler, No. —, page 342.

Of our delight rose from receiving
Such kindness as a female leaving,
Ere it had long been press'd, her bed
With us the chilling dews to tread,
Lest by our guide we were misled;
Nor sought to know whom * she address'd,
Though woo'd beneath her roof to rest;
To please us, —— —— nought omits,
Pleased by the look with which she quits.

* Therefore, could never look for return of kindness, too often the case in the intimacies begun at watering-places.

UNCONNECTED TRIFLES.

WELSH MANNERS.

We rustling through the frozen leaf
Beheld them house the mouldy sheaf,
And mark'd that fisher in his boat
Upon the Menai's wave afloat,
To catch the breeze between two rivers *,
While Lux'ry on her carpet shivers.
Then Valentine, that sportive saint,
Came full of those devices quaint,
With which he waking love decoys
From groves to simp'ring girls and boys.
But we †, in fact, can little say
On manners, from a twelvemonth's stay:
Of post-boys we have spoke long since ‡,
Here the gall'd jade's forbid to wince;

* At Caernarvon. † We who saw only the common people.

‡ See lines to the Methodist Preacher, p. 182. In the least cultivated parts of North Wales, bad roads, weak cattle, and long stages, form in general some apology for that drawback on our pleasure which is made by the frequent use of the whip.

Inns, good and bad, like other places;
But then, in England, a rare case is
Such invitation as the 'bove *.
NOW THOUGH HER CHURCH WE DEARLY LOVE,
And can't pretend, beneath a steeple,
We here found many common people;
Nor yet in public-houses seating
Themselves, but duly in the meeting;
So far they 're bless'd, who every day
Being used to simple curds and whey,
Have not as yet acquired the taste
For porter, spirits †, flesh, and waste.
To Tynefidew though we came
Abruptly, yet the cottage dame,
Without embarrassment, supplied
Our wants, and as she threw aside
Her knitting with so good a grace,
Forgetful of the time and place,
Methought some belle resign'd her shuttle;
And, thinking of our vulgar's scuttle,
Have often here admired that ease
So certain ev'ry where to please,

* See Fall of the Cow.
† Saw but one instance of inebriety till we reached Welsh Pool.

(Hotels, but scarce) when I, for rest,
Perforce, became the hovel's guest.
An English boy, if call'd, with blushes
Had sneak'd for cover to the bushes,
While father, pulling off his hat,
Makes not the least attempt at chat.
But here (great souls!) the child sits down,
Though barefoot, by a printed gown;
And aged shepherds, laden home,
Just ask the strangers whence they come.
Is't vanity, when they can speak
Our language, that will silence break?
Or is your Briton found thus free
Through pride (that's born of pedigree),
From which he hastily concludes
That ev'ry Saxon but intrudes?

SATURDAY'S OPERA.

WHAT for a moment led me to deny
My Cambria's charms their due supremacy [24]?
Your slave forgive, and blame those low'ring clouds,
It is their envious interference shrouds
Thy peerless beauties, they no more exist
To mortal sight, which pierces not through mist.

Thus shall Sir Frolic, who, from gall'ry snug,
Gave to the side-box a contemptuous shrug,
Accuse the theatre's thick atmosphere,
Should the new toast in Kenna's grove appear;
Thence home returning, to efface the wrong,
Our beau, like me, shall meditate a song;
Nay, from the same materials we compose
Snow, perfumes, brilliants, and the matchless rose.
And though I must allow our pretty youth
Has the advantage, as to numbers smooth;
Be it remember'd his lays cost him dearer,
For 'tis most certain mine to truth draw nearer.

TO NORTH WALES.

WRITTEN DURING THE RAINS.

STRANGER. WHAT is the matter? Cambria, fie!
Still with your finger in your eye?
Pray, how are you affronted?

CAMBRIA. Why, don't you see a shower of stones
Enough to break a body's bones?
My tresses, too, but stunted?

To me Dame Nature is so cross,
Instead of clover giving moss,
Or asphodel and rushes.

STRANGER. My child, from this we may conclude
You don't abound in gratitude;
Look but on yonder bushes.

With us where only bramble grows,
Or worse, austere, forbidding sloes,
You raspberries have in plenty *,
And other berries † not amiss;
Your zephyrs fragrant odours kiss,
And yet this don't content ye.

Nay, more, your flocks on ev'ry steep—
CAMBRIA. Pray cease, you see they cannot keep
Me clothed, though always knitting;
Talk not of fruits while I want corn:
The myrtle ‡ might your brow adorn,
Poor Cambria's ill befitting.

ON THE WELSH WOMAN.

YE Cambrian fair, I well agree
With—who is it?—Oh, let me see—
The Rev. Mr. Warner.

* Raspberries may, in some parts of England, be plenty.
† Winberries.
‡ The gale, sometimes called Dutch myrtle.

Jove having said to Beauty, " Do
Mind great respect is paid by you
To this secluded corner."

The goddess here was all alert,
While Sol declared he would not hurt
The tint she gave sweet features;
And, as a pledge, proposed, it seems,
Their heads to dress from his own beams;
Thus honour'd, the fair creatures

Left Art to rule the neighbouring dames,
For whose assistance, Father Thames
With Zembla's gifts shall dash on;
But now, as with the Cambrian maid,
Our English shapes reject all aid,
A cap 's no more the fashion.

Slipper and sleeve 's decreasing fast;
We may suppose our belles, at last,
(Though now they call me shocking),
Will the similitude complete,
By fancying it is but discreet
To part with shoe and stocking.

THE CASTLE.

THOUGH here, in feudal times, were nursed
Those passions which full often durst
Thence issue on the neighbourhood,
Eager for beauty or for blood;
Of such luxuriant power shorn,
Long stand the castle to adorn,
Since, too, 'tis found Industry shall
Not be a gainer by its fall.
For Avarice, blind to lets of weight,
While dazzled by smooth Theory's bait,
Now, through Experience become wary,
Must send in future to the quarry,
So difficult to bodkin out
The granite from its faithful grout.
But Time, what must be done with him?
Cannot we bribe with worlds of whim?
Perhaps some ——— may please,
Or temple that is *half* Chinese;
By way of nut he might engage
With many a shining equipage,
By Folly set up, just to show
How far from wisdom she can go.

In short, we will he exercises
On every thing that she despises;
So that, by this means, we prolong
Thy date, gray hero of my song.
As we 've said, in another place,
Time to the castle gives a grace *,
False Zeal and Avarice be blamed,
By them its majesty was tamed;
They bade stern Winter peep, then through
Led him its firmness to subdue:
Much I lament our castle's fate—
Oh! might I say that at its gate
The dreaded Desolation sits!
No, she creeps on, and steals by bits,
Till all to her becomes a prey,
Except where still she 's kept at bay
By the much-famed Cestrian wall,
Which Fortune yet forbids to fall.
What antiquarian thinks it hard,
When to against oblivion guard,
He mounts with the suspected stair,
Or meeting the conjecture † fair

* See Time Donor.
† Conjecture may lead to truth.

Upon a crumbling battlement,
With her the sultry noon is spent,
Or sketches made, a certain taste
Thinks too minute: "Of time what waste,"
Cry such; who in a group would view
The dusky tower and mountains blue.
Dearer to truth one thus unravelling
Error, than all the million travelling,
Whose business being with the cook,
Till dinner 's ready, "give a look."
Yes, 'tis by Truth herself, to Fame,
The antiquarian sends his claim;
Who, owning a praiseworthy spirit
Is his, in rescuing works of merit,
Amongst her favourites pleased to place
The indefatigable race.

TO THE CASTLE.

With villas, streams; rivers with halls agree;
But 'tis the ocean only suits with thee.

RETRACTION; OR, THE PENITENT.

Cambria, who is it but must see
I am a lover fond of thee?

Though urged by truth, I somewhere said,
Full haughtily you held your head;
But that your features are too strong,
Oh most adored! forgive the wrong
I did you, through the odious spleen,
When you imperfectly were seen,
I said, " With the approaching spring
A swallow I to England wing."
How vainly said, me Cambria mocks,
Bidding her eagle, 'mong his rocks,
The boastful malcontent detain;
And see! within the Snowdon chain
Fast bound, I have not power to go
To cities where, we must allow,
Rare art and novelty agree
To beckon curiosity.

* * * * *

* * * * *

I fly this culinary region
To meet again the gull and pigeon;
This yielding with the weeping wood,
That ruling o'er the raging flood.
Attention now is carried where
Twin cataracts assault the ear:

Yet shall not this, nor the strain'd sight,
Defraud the mind of its delight;
But cloy'd at length, I look around
Amidst the torrent's parched ground;
All, all is wonderful and wild,
Where upon rock the rock is piled.
Pert nicety cannot intrude,
Though nature here so far subdued,
One arch * by rule is taught to rise,
Which still, in its extremities,
On parent adamant relies
For its support, until the day
When every mountain melts away.
But see the neighbouring palace, there
Time lays the boastful canvas bare,
And taper fingers raised those flowers
Which Time beneath his mould devours,
Who calls the wily worm to eat
The Gallic scarlets † for a treat,
And robs the Parian of its polish,
Though such a dome you should demolish;

* Believe I mean Llangollen bridge.
† The Gobelin tapestry is famous for its scarlet.

As to the rest *, destroyer, grieve
That those marks, in your power to leave,
Shall not the landscape here offend,
Such strokes with the sublime will blend.
Thus he, who others may undo,
" Time," my loved Cambria, works for you,
For you, who can whole weeks together
So far conceal your charms by ether,
Imagination 's bid to wait
On them, till even from the gate
Of Heaven these breaking with the sun †,
We find how much she is outdone.

PONTY PRID, GLAMORGANSHIRE.

THE world has not another arch so wide
As this o'er which, when titled Britons ride,
Proud of the wonder here beheld to talk,
They leave the British architect to walk;

* The only vulnerable part of a Welsh cottage being its chimney.

† Hoole's Life of John Scott, p. 320. Scott seeing the Welsh mountains through a telescope from the hill behind Hagley Park, and the sun breaking out, his biographer says, that he saw the Welsh mountains in their various positions, shapes, and colours, glowing with brightness, and was ready to fancy them the regions of another world.

But courage, Edwards, when entomb'd they lie,
Your fame across the ocean's self shall fly.

MY LANDLADY AND INVALID, IN DECEMBER.

Your stranger in a country town
Comes off but poorly, we must own;
He 's not molested by the gentry,
Our scene lies low * in chandler's entry;
A customer who holds the latch is
Half whispering what the other catches.
" Yes, every morning of their lives,
They make our Poll clean up their knives.
Thinks I, by this she 's mortal nice,
But found my error in a trice;
Forsooth, the rooms must not be wet,
For fear the rheumatis we get;
And as they came in the back way,
I heard one to the other say,
Whilst I the candlestick was rubbing,
Bless me, they are for ever scrubbing.
A pretty prank as one desires,
For two such folk to have two fires.

* Thus warned, skip over it, my most delicate reader.

And so you see, the smoke, for certain,
Will spoil my new white quilt and curtain.
One says to me, ' I don't deny it,
I am perticlar about quiet.'
And so I think:—d' ye know, she 'd even
Have us all lie in bed till seven.
Can you believe, though I declare it,
She, forsooth, choosing our back garret;
Yet says, if we put things to rights,
A headach 's sure to spoil her nights,
And will have ten a proper hour
To clear away, which is before
I 've pick'd my bit of mutton chop,
Or Mr. Splice has drank a drop;
But truly she so sadly sleeps:
Now see how I my temper keeps,
For else, you know, I might have said
Some folks are always on the bed;
And as to illness, 'tis all talk,
She might sit up if she can't walk.
Indeed, it is a wicked shame,
She might do both who is not lame;
I never could bear doctor's stuff,
But she will swallow bark enough,

Which, as I tells her, Mrs. Jones,
Will always lie in people's bones.
I 'm sure they eat a pretty deal,
But then so plain, and but one meal
Makes cooking easy, for that matter,
And one step 's saved, as both drink water;
But I suppose she makes that up
By often taking of a sup;
Then when to get work done one wishes,
'Tis three before we get their dishes.
What is it now, for I must go—
Oh! there rides Dick: 't ean't twelve, I know.
Well, then, their whimsies about vittel,
Such as not liking our brass kettle;
So out she sent and bought some tin—
Thinks I, for this who cares a pin;
While master whistles, and Poll stares,
To see such fine outlandish airs,
Which crosser people might provoke;
I 'm sure, except my sister's stroke,
And Tommy's gripings, we 're as healthy
As other folk, if not so wealthy:
They lock up every bit of meat,
Or else she can't with comfort eat;

But does she think we ha'n't the sense
To see that this is all pretence?
They are afraid that we should steal it,
Not that our boys will lick and peel it:
She wants a fowl, comes some sweet chicken,
Says I, our court they 'll run and pick in,
Under your window; but 'twas no,
She 'd rather go without than so;
Accordingly away they 're sent—
Nobody could guess what she meant;
But though they are so very droll,
Mother, they speak so free, says Poll,
Yet do their ways make us fine fun;
Well—but now, bless you, I must run;
Where is my tea and tape—but stop,
For I have miss'd the very top:
She for one letter paid a guinea;
Thinks I, well, what a monstrous ninny.
With some folks, I am sure it would be,
They are no better than they should be;
And so perdigious odd this woman,
I thinks myself she is a Roman;
For there they live, in this dull weather,
And see no soul for months together,

Which makes one sometimes, in a pet,
Say with their betters we have set:
The captain's spouse, who lodged with me,
Would chat, nay, take a cup of tea,
And in our washing week, so hone—
But these, forsooth, must be alone.
Well, lack-a-day, dear Madam Brady,
Ah, she, indeed, was quite a lady;
By her, though charming gowns were worn,
She gave them me if but once torn;
But this, she goes so very mean,
That nothing this way we shall glean:
Indeed, by all that I can find,
She cannot be in her right mind,
For sending up our news, she said,
Thank ye, that news she never read,
And yet it seems her chief delight
To read old books, or lie and write:
Our Poll says, 'Mother, such a sight;'
Beside, myself, I sees, indeed,
That she will bring in flints and weed,
And who that was right in their head
In books would keep these weeds when dead.
Says neighbour Pry, says she to me,
You don't know who your lodgers be;

I wonders you takes people in,
So she was going to begin:
Says I, they pay well, and are civil,
So evil be to him that's evil.
For now it is my way, d' ye see,
Not to let people bother me:
But here's our Jack—'What makes you cry?'
'Oh! mother, mother, pot's burnt dry:
Father 's come home, and ramps about.'
'You careless rogue, you!'" (running out);
And now her friend the counter quitting,
Met the young cat with half her knitting.

CAERNARVON SHORE.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * *

WHERE straiten'd Menai struggling foams
Along his matchless bed,
Which brighter seems when Sol will smile
Than feign'd Hydaspes' boasted soil,
On gems and ore we tread.

Over anatomy I bend,
Where the corrosive billows rend

The coat of hardest flints *;
Forgive that I do not describe
Minutely this most curious tribe,
For want of science stints.

These by the water are pierced through,
Others a honeycomb shall show,
And sponges some appear;
While of a dusky hue this last,
Nor be that strange concretion † pass'd,
In such abundance here.

Of these some may the artist dare,
More that cannot his polish bear,
This mass so long exposed;
The softer stone wash'd from between,
In setting rude each pebble seen,
A pearl but half disclosed.

And here those fossils oft I found
Which at Southend so much abound,

* One of these would yield but very small scales to the utmost force of the smith.

† Much resembling what is vulgarly called plum-pudding stone.

Its beach seems strew'd with bone;
But to return to what 's before,
Strong features mark the Menai's shore,
Rock peeping through the stone.

Who, while he looks across this flood,
Forgets, that here it once ran blood,
Though since 'tis many an age;
The ruddy colour of the strand
Might safely yet a place demand
In superstition's page.

If, musing near the tyrant's * tower,
We grieve his rage should overpower
Laws human and divine;
Rejoice we, that the lyre was seized
By those who have these shades appeased
With notes I cannot join.

Here, first,—but let the curtain fall
O'er tragic scenes, while round the wall
Commerce unites with peace;

* Edward the First.

But though we hear no piercing screams,
So far ill-fated still it seems,
The "hum of men" must cease.

For see, they run the wreck to save,
Two wreck'd by no far distant wave
Ere half the year is flown;
No straw-capp'd cot salutes the eye,
On the least hovel there shall lie
A load of dismal stone *.

FROM DOLGELLY TO CAERNARVON.

We grieve to quit Dolgelly town,
Though matters there went teasing;
But on our way to Bala, see
A sight that 's new and pleasing.

Of goats and kids as white as snow,
We stay'd to tell eleven;
And not a single step they moved,
Though we with them were even.

* The numerous inconveniences of thatch are so well known, that we need not say this is merely a fanciful complaint against the slate, which is the chief export of this delightful neighbourhood.

Bala's high street is very wide,
Its lake I need not mention;
Then we rode long, not seeing aught
To take up our attention.

But there, and at Kernoggy too,
Our paper they rejected;
Which, coming from the nation's bank,
We could not have expected.

At length a torrent over-arch'd
Gave us a scene enchanting;
The vivid verdure peeping through
To grace it was not wanting.

Hey-dey! the church* has got two bells,
And eke a window shewy;
So out we get, although the morn
Is rather more than dewy.

A marble font fix'd in the wall
Is not so very usual;
And here, to entering the churchyard
They give a strict refusal:

* Kernoggy.

Except at those appointed times
Design'd by consecration:
Llanwryst, to you I recommend
Of this an imitation.

How tedious now became the way
Over their wide peat mosses;
Single arch'd bridges all you see,
And roads that make their crosses.

So no more time on these we 'll spend;
But 'twere indeed ungracious
To pass the chapel and the groves
Of Gwyder Hall so spacious.

This seat I find in such repair
As merits commendation;
But fear it lost the grace of age
By modern alteration.

Near to the gateway lies a room
Most luckily neglected,
Where a fine chimney-piece remains,
In ancient times erected.

At Marle, the walks through greenwood cut,
And terrace, claim narration;
How uniform the house, that's left
A shell by conflagration!

A sycamore here, *à la Turque*,
Grew till it look'd quite stately;
The Moslem plants trees * in his rooms,
I somewhere read but lately.

Rise, Gratitude, that we may see
Asleep thou art not fallen,
Telling the world a maid was sent
To guide us to Boscallen;

Who waited for us at the gate,
Though 'twas a sultry morning,
While we adventurous scale a wall,
Of which they gave us warning.

And when fatigued we reach the goal,
The prize we doubt obtaining,
Because the lady is at home;
But while we were complaining,

* If they build a house where a tree stands, they leave a large space for the tree to increase in size.

She kindly gave us leave to see
Part of this ancient dwelling;
Of portraits, had I had more time,
You would have heard me telling.

Through these rooms, by the lady's maid,
Though we were well attended,
She stands alone in our esteem*,
For we no fee expended.

The walls of Conway's "time-worn town"
Are worthy admiration;
But think it might have well deserved
A more exalted station.

Along a stone which paves the church
A female figure rises;
We think that this is rather rare;
But what much more surprises,

Is, that a tombstone says, Nick Hookes
A sister had, and brother,
Till he's the one and fortieth child
Of Alice Hookes, his mother.

* Rather than be disappointed on such occasions, few but would be glad to pay far more than the usual fee.

The warden's pew and pulpit's wood
Was brought across the ocean;
But he of antiquarian taste
To that pew pays devotion,

Whose panels are of British growth,
For on them it is hinted,
Since the whole length a shield is carved,
His draft shall not be stinted.

We cannot pass by Baron Hill,
A situation charming;
Sylvanus cried, much have I done,
By this the gods alarming.

Minerva bade Beaumaris lie
Just at a proper distance,
For Wisdom, by such spacious streets
We see, lent her assistance.

And Neptune here extends an arm,
No doubt by her direction;
Earth rose to forward her design;
There 's but this imperfection,

That through a train of accidents
The castle 's now appearing
Like a decay'd or broken stump,
For this idea bearing.

'Twixt lavender and woodbine, you,
Long through the garden going,
In time shall reach the lofty wall
With rich geraniums glowing;

Where blooms that bower, high enough
For you to trip it under;
Form'd of the sweetest heliotrope,
Yet in much wrath I wonder:

But Anger, to her faintest note,
Is quickly hush'd by Pleasure,
And soon we smile, though lost those plants *
We should have thought a treasure.

The castle higher seems when there,
Than on the ground that 's rising;
And that the chapel should be sound
You will allow surprising.

* Pinks from Snowdon were once in this garden.

The chief inn boasts a handsome room,
And hostess very clever,
Whose charges, too, were lower far
Than this road paid we ever.

Of Ogden church, the outside 's fair,
Within it, boys learn spelling;
The sprite of neatness you will find
To be at Bangor dwelling.

On that so pleasing an ascent
There lives the far-famed Wyat,
Whose house you will find such a house
As Envy, deep, shall sigh at.

Of rural Elegance the throne,
Rills run there to adore it;
The same taste bids the groves arise,
That slopes the lawn before it.

At length to the cathedral * got,
We find it has no ceiling;
But much there might be, I forget,
Which had been worth my telling.

* Bangor.

No verger came to show it us,
In his fine tassel'd vesture;
But a poor woman, whom we pleased,
With only twice a tester.

The palace and the dean'ry look
Unto the place for burying,
And these appear'd exactly nice,
As past them I was hurrying,

To where Caernarvon's towers rise;
But here let me just mention,
That Bangor's graves, with laurel crown'd,
Or slate, took our attention.

About this neighbourhood we find
That peers they have in plenty,
For I by chance am told of five,
In miles that lack of twenty.

Sometimes when these pass through the town *,
Its cannon will be roaring,
Which on the ears of invalids
A rude salute is pouring.

* Caernarvon.

A bellman goes about the street,
When funeral is arranging;
And those invited fee the clerk,
Their rank the manner changing.

The poor upon the coffin put
What to afford they 're able;
But persons of superior rank
On the communion table.

Past one o'clock, on Christmas morn,
The bell to church will call one,
And though this stands a full mile off,
The sermon 's not a wall one.

Though on the day least blest by light
It was that we were strolling,
To see the mountains clothed in snow,
And white clouds down them rolling.

By favour of the solar beam
This scene became resplendent,
The beauty Nature now displays
Of contrast independent.

When Easter's near, each boy asks eggs,
And has in his hand hanging
A basket, and in that a door,
Whose knocker he keeps banging.

Of garlands on May-day not one
Was seen, as in our county;
But frolics, on the eve thereto,
They play to show their bounty;

For odious bones they in the night
To each foe's door are tying;
But he who knows himself beloved,
On flowers may be relying*.

For elegance poor Cambria sighs,
Oh! 'tis a monstrous passion,
That makes her slash the heavy fleece†,
To overtake light fashion.

* There is something like these customs in the remoter counties of England, and if the last of them be derived from the Greeks,—Query, whether they showed their revenge in the above manner, or were forbidden by the delicacy which distinguished them from the barbarous nations?

† Their woollen garments.

For charity the poor so oft
Are coming to each stranger,
That of St. George and Patrick, they
The patience much endanger.

Of much it cost great pains to see,
So little we remember,
That I with Solomon agree,
This twentieth of September.

READING PENNANT.

See here (dishonour to his potent charms),
The wizard clad in armour trust to arms:
Who can view Sele * within the tree confined,
And him † forget who captivates the mind?
Who might, it seems, have given us Glendower
Performing feats a Prospero but swore ‡.

* The Nannau oak. The Lord of Nannau was privately slain during a hunting quarrel by his cousin, Owen Glyndior, or Glendower, and hidden for a long time within its hollow trunk.

"The remembrance of this tragical event was afterwards preserved by tradition in the family of the Vaughns of Hengwyrl."

† Shakspeare.

‡ Johnson's Shakspeare, 1765, Tempest, vol. i. p. 23. As to Prospero having *sworn* to confine Caliban in a tree, I can only find

"Therefore wast thou deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison."

It was not *sworn*, but done.

Now my dear children, I would rather blame my memory than "burn my rhymes."

Music, sometimes his instrument, nay, even
Fire: we say not either came from Heav'n.
In Nature's law th' Italian prince deep read,
Glendower may boast, that in our Temple * bred.
Its art assists him in perceiving flaws,
Gives fine spun arguments for either cause,
And skill to interpose the active clause.
Not only winds and waves shall on him wait,
Our Briton felt in tempests of the state †;
Though not in wickedness, his vassals can
For folly be compared to Caliban;
So readily devouring every tale
Ambition or revenge could bring, though stale.
Weary we turn from these most barbarous times,
From ev'ry chief so notable for crimes:
It seems impossible for us to know
On whom our scorn or pity to bestow.

GLENDOWER, MADOC (25), AND LLEWELLYN.

While youth by hist'ry is to virtue form'd,
It 's oft by horror chill'd, by anger warm'd;
And here it weeps the Infant Briton's doom,
Whom history points out in their wat'ry tomb.
Into deep dungeons see their murderers fall,
No more to feast in the ill-gotten hall;

* I think Glendower studied in the Temple.

† This prosperous event, joined to the death of Glendower, which happened soon after, freed Henry from all his domestic enemies.—Hume, vol. iii. p. 74.

Had justice not in mockery held a sword,
While her veil hid the deed of either lord.
'Tis thine, oh History! to record the crimes
Of Christian heroes in those feudal times,
How first they through a rivulet of blood
Seized on a hamlet, castle, or a wood,
Till exercised Ambition, bolder grown,
Lifted her hand to pulling off a crown
From those stern brows, where by herself 'twas placed,
And from the head, by which it's not disgraced.
But from Ambition, History charms the fiend,
By showing where all sinful schemes must end;
Forces Abhorrence to her haughty soul,
Or scorn insinuates for each deed that's foul.
From crooked paths, lo! History's faithful lamp
Directs Ambition to the cloister damp.
No; rather to the world's commodious way,
Where she may all her energy display
To imitate our pattern on the cross,
And give us Leighton *, or a Man of Ross.

* See Bishop Burnet's History of his own Times.

ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS.

When I walk up Waldegrave-lane,
To the spire I thus complain:
Party writers [26] make me mad—
Was your Williams good or bad?

TO LORD LYTTELTON.

Perhaps there is merit in one who 's a lord
Being pleased with the best things this world can afford;
But the great man is he, as your lordship must own,
Who, deprived of the blessings which here are set down [27],
While wrapt in a blanket from scarceness of pelf,
In noise can think clearly—enjoying himself.

ADDENDA.

RETURN TO THE CRAY.

My days, as yet, how very few,
And yet those days have changed their hue:
What means this harsh shrill note?—"Beware,"
It is Experience ushering Care;
Fear's offspring, see! he scowls around,
And gives to every joy a wound;
Bids the sweet voice of Pleasure cease,
And frights away the prattler Peace;
I hasten where, while over Cray
The purple dragon-fly at play,
And swallow skims who glides so gay,
To garden groves, where flow'rets low
Around the moss-clad people grow;
Or Nature rich in charms shall fling
Her gold-dust on the insect's wing;
Where Sol's appearance is foretold,
If but the pimpernelle * unfold:

* The countryman's weather-glass; its beauty, no doubt, procuring such distinction from various flowers as well qualified for this service.

Let me with my beechen hook *
Draw the cresses from the brook;
And bid the grateful shower fall
From orchard, filbert-copse, or wall.
The simple beverage be her share
Who shuns the gilded dome—" Beware,"
Thence echoed from the voice of Care.

THE ALDER.

HARK! I hear the mimic thunder,
Fancy paints a sanguine plain,
Mangled alders take their vengeance †,
They their enemy have slain.

He who scorn'd their offer'd shelter,
Nor would let their beauty save,
Hasten'd by his cruel measures
Prematurely to his grave.

* An imitation of shepherds' crooks were then fashionable walking-sticks.

† Charcoal made of the alder is preferred for making gunpowder; therefore, that tree may say, like Gay's sheep—

" And we, methinks, may rest contented,
Since gunpowder has been invented."

But I see a bud that 's healthy,
There an opening leaf appears;
Renovation is the mandate,
" Live the pride of future years."

Alders of the Cray, so famous
For its trout and silver eel,
Which beneath you fly for shelter,
While thy grateful gloom we feel.

Hoary ivies cling about ye,
Friendly roots present a seat;
Thou shalt help to form our Eden,
From within thee warblings sweet.

By Eugenio's taste protected,
Dread no more lest thou shouldst feel
Branches spoil'd or trunk retrenched
By the unrelenting steel.

No more thy wounds so scarlet * glaring,
Shame on those who did thee rend

* The sap of the alder is an orange-scarlet.

For gold, that idol of the million,
And betray'd an ancient friend.

THE MORAL.

To Nature looking up and down,
Who still some serious truths shall teach,
Her finest hints so trite are grown,
For once allow the eel to preach *.

Scorn not to imitate the eel,
Oh thou, but new to Virtue's track,
Then shall not future time reveal
Thou didst to thy old ways turn back †.

Here Crito taking up my theme,
" Always to copy must offend;
For thus none strive against the stream,
Though 'twere to save a sinking friend."

* " Sermons in stones."
† It is said that the eel always swims with the stream.

TIME DONOR.

TIME gives to youth, but takes from age—
Yet hold, here peeps that hermitage,
(An abbey once) or castle wall;
And pray is it not fair to call
These noble ruins? In some cases
Time to decay can give the graces;
And when (to quote the moral page)
"The head is *silver'd* o'er with age,"
Who is there walks this world so mad
But must confess 'tis charms to add?

NOTES.

Note 1, page 20, line 6.

Where nobles lie beneath the hoof.

In the choir of Blackfriars were buried many noble personages. The following are a few of them: Alexander Bagle, Bishop of Chester, confessor to Edward III., Lord Abergavenny, Lady Chandos, Mabilia Rouse, John Lord Hastings, and the Earl of Pembroke, till he was removed to the Greyfriars in London, for which the Blackfriars in Hereford had 100*l.*

Note 2, page 20, line 8.

The veteran loudly boasts his trade.

Coningsby's hospital, without Widemarsh-gate, founded by Sir Thomas Coningsby, 1614, was built with materials from the monastery of Blackfriars. It forms a very decent quadrangle, and contains twelve houses, one for the chaplain, another for a master, who is styled Corporal Coningsby, ten for other members, five of whom, with the corporal, must have been three years soldiers in actual service, &c. &c. Sir Thomas Coningsby names them Coningsby's Company of Old Servitors.

Note 3, page 21, line 4.

To make our cross more picturesque.

"This beautiful cross, or rather pulpit," says Grose, "is a hexagon, open on every side, and surrounded by a flight of six steps. In the centre is a table of the same figure, supporting the shaft of the cross, which branching out into ramifications forms the roof, and passing through it appears at the top. The cross is broken off; the top of the roof was embattled. This cross was probably surrounded by the cloisters, where a large concourse of people might, under cover, attend to the sermons of these friars, who were extremely popular, and greatly affected preaching to the multitude from these kind of crosses: such was that of St. Paul's, of which we read so often in history."

Note 4, page 21, line 15.

Of far less worth be others vain.

Somebody says, that a man gets into a scrape by not knowing that a great name, three hundred leagues distant, has asserted just the contrary. Though this cannot apply to an inconsiderable being like me, I was surprised, after having given, as I believed, the elder its *just* character, to find it so hardly used by Mr. Congreve, who, in his Pastoral on the Death of Queen Mary, classes the *bitter* elder with the yew, cypress, and other doleful images. And in the same volume an author, who to me is unknown, inscribing the Temple of Fame to Mr. Congreve, perhaps to compliment his idea of the elder, reaches a higher note of invective, "the *cursed* elder and the fatal yew." I cannot help reflecting that many plants have, by the caprice of poets, or to favour a rhyme or figure, been represented without any regard to the benefit or injury we receive from them.

Admitting the elder to be bitter, if that is to be considered an odious quality, what will become of the favourite of the muse, the myrtle? Nay, her own garland, the bay, must be in danger. I can speak from experience of the finest morellas gathered almost beneath the yew, and that flowers flourish close to the elder. I shall conclude this note with attempting to justify my character of the elder: first, from its early appearance as the harbinger of spring; this surely is no melancholy circumstance; and as to its bloom, I once lived where a small meadow was surrounded by it, and cannot think any thing of this sort can wear a more lively appearance. No benumbed traveller is ignorant of the effects of warm elder wine; to which, by its flower, the flavour of Frontiniac may be communicated. The housewife will not forget its improvement of vinegar, or imitation of bamboo, nor will the beauty despise it as a cosmetic. But of its more serious virtues, the rob and tea made for sore throats, and its cooling unguent, are sufficient recommendations. I have heard it asserted, that it is an ingredient in porter, and perhaps it has some share in a more costly *composition*. I hope, from what has been said, the elder is not only rescued from the aspersions thrown upon it, but proved to be a considerable friend to mankind. That it can bestow an ample shade, the lofty spreading and regular standard beneath which I write is a convincing proof. If some of its enemies should object to the faint smell of the flower, I must reply that Nature thought she had bestowed on it sufficient merit, without adding that of a *nose*gay. Sir William Temple had a high opinion of the virtue of this tree, and says, even the green bark is efficacious; and in what esteem the elder was held by his favourites, the ancients, may be learned from their believing it a cure for that most obstinate malady, the gout.

Note 5, page 23, lines 20, 21, and 22.

. . . *this foundation*
All must applaud, though something droll
Appear if we peruse the whole.

"Every one of them shall have at the first admittance a fustian suit of ginger colour, of a soldier-like fashion, seemly laced, a hat with a band of white and red, slippers, a soldier-like jerkin with half sleeves, a moncado or Spanish cap, a soldier-like sword, with a belt, to wear as he goeth abroad, a cloak of red cloth lined with baize of red, and reaching to the knee, and a seemly gown to be worn of red cloth, reaching down to the ancle, lined likewise with red baize, to be worn in walks and journeys. And the said Sir T. Coningsby doth farther ordain and appoint, that whensoever the said company shall go to the cathedral church of the said city, or to any *other* public place in the said city, the chaplain and corporal shall go together; the said chaplain with his Bible in the fore front of the said company, and the rest by two and two in their gowns."

Note 6, page 33, lines 9 and 10.

*But * * welcomed from her walk*
By Hope, &c.

I believe it is Zimmerman who says, "The time indeed in which an invalid is capable of employing his powers with facility and success, in a manner conformable to his designs, is short, and runs rapidly away." "Those only who enjoy robust health can exclaim 'My time is my own.'"

Note 6*a*, page 50, line 9.

When Indian shores to Cortez yet were new.

"When the soldiers of Cortez first beheld a town belonging to the Mexicans, their minds being wholly engrossed by the

exaggerated accounts which had been given them of the riches of the new world, they exclaimed, that they had found a city built of silver; but on approaching nearer, discovered that they had been deceived by the reflection of the sun from a kind of shining mud with which the walls were covered."—*Dr. Robertson's History of America.*

Note 7, page 58, line 7.

While nameless graves around that structure's base, &c.

This church is on the promontory called "Penarth (that is, the bear's head) point," it is six miles south of Cardiff, which is a clean, handsome town; its castle, now the property of the Marquis of Bute, has a spacious garden, in which there is a fine gravel terrace, stately evergreens, and a piece of rock-work formed of white marble, interspersed with a semi-transparent fossil of a salmon colour, of which we found some pieces on the shore. His lordship is with true taste ornamenting his pew in Cardiff church, in a style suited to that venerable edifice.

Note 8, page 58, line 13.

From Cardiff's shore Glamorgan's princely heir, &c.

There is said to be in Llandaff cathedral a manuscript called Liber Landavensis, which was written some centuries before the history of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and states, that the famous Arthur was son of Merich, king of Glamorgan, and a native of Cardiff.

Note 9, page 63, line 1.

The boat now left, that yawning rock appears.

Of Wokey-hole we will just transcribe the following traits: —"This cave is within a rock over which there is a mountain,

whose summit is thought to be a mile above the entrance, from which there is a steep descent of fifty or sixty feet; the greatest height of the cavern is about fifty feet, though in some places the roof is not more than four or five feet from the bottom; water constantly dropping from the roof, fancy has formed its various petrifactions into old women, dogs, &c. Through this cavern flows a stream sufficient to turn a mill."

Note 10, page 63, line 9.

Here's pour'd that baleful stream, whose specious hue, &c.

After having metamorphosed Wokey-hole into Tartarus, we thought that this water would be more suitable than the innocent stream which runs through it. Such water we have seen, though not in Devonshire, and must observe, in contradiction to the opinion of him who thinks its effluvia unwholesome to those on its brink, that we believe great quantities of verdigris are made in the cellars of Montpelier.

Note 11, page 63, line 13.

Here half that cloven tower, &c.

This was the only other object in our route that was fit furniture for Tartarus: its environs might have better suited Elysium. This tower is about seven miles from Cardiff, and there is now a well-built little town near it, which formerly was only an obscure village, through the great number of strangers who come to contemplate the extraordinary manner in which a part supports itself, the tower being, by some unknown cause, cleft from top to bottom, and projecting from the perpendicular, according to Mr. Wood of Bath, not less than ten and a half feet, though it is not above eighty feet in height: there is little beside this to attract the notice of the curious; though this castle, when perfect, exceeded in strength and

magnificence all the structures of the kind, not only in Wales, but in Britain, except that of Windsor: it is supposed to have been the work of Edward the first, and after protecting Edward the second for nine months, it was in great part demolished by the founder's grandson.

Note 11*a*, page 73, line 10.

And the ladies cry "Captain, they'll drive us all back."

"In spite of the efforts of the man-of-war's boat, it was almost impossible to keep those of the crowd at the prescribed distance of a cable's length from the ship. They incurred the risk of being run down; of being, as they might apprehend, shot (for muskets were discharged for the purpose of intimidation), of all the dangers of a naval combat, rather than lose the opportunity of seeing the Emperor, whom they had heard so much of."—*Sir Walter Scott's Life of Buonaparte*, vol. ix. p. 75.

"Sometimes not less than a thousand boats, scarce to be kept off by absolute force by those who rowed guard within the prescribed distance of three hundred yards from the Bellerophon."—*Ibid.* p. 95.

Note 12, page 77, line 9.

She stood, and look'd at Roffa's ancient fane.

See Registrum Roffense, or a collection of ancient records, &c. illustrating the ecclesiastical history and antiquities of the diocese and cathedral church of Rochester, transcribed from the originals by I. Thorpe, late of Rochester, M.D. F.R.S. and published by his son, I. Thorpe, Esq. A M. F.S.A. as was the Custumale Roffense, and several pieces of his own, respecting the antiquities of the diocese.

Note 13, page 77, line 12.

Nor did less int'rest then attend her way.

Those acquainted with the writer cannot be ignorant of the many interesting recollections which must be raised in her mind by places on and near to the road from Rochester to Bexley.

" Doctors' Commons, Feb. 7, 1756.

" SIR,

" I hope you will excuse the liberty I take of troubling you with this letter (under the cover of your worthy neighbour Mr. Emmet), which, being about matters of antiquity, will, I flatter myself, not prove disagreeable to you.

" The business, sir, is this.—Your late learned father was greatly concerned in causing Rochester-bridge to be repaired, and had, as I am informed, many papers and memoranda relating to several of our ancient bridges, and particularly some curious ones relating to London-bridge: as you have all his papers, I should take it as a very particular favour if you would let me know, first, whether you have any such in your collection, and secondly (in case you have), whether you will give me leave to wait upon you at Bexley some day, with a friend, to take a cursory view of them: what we chiefly want to know is, when the sterlings were first added to London-bridge, and also, when houses were first built upon it.

" It was your father, sir, that communicated to Mr. Vertue some hints concerning that bridge, which he put upon the plate he engraved of St. Thomas's chapel near London, and published about 1744.

" I must, sir, further acquaint you, that as a member of our society, you are entitled to an account of Domesday book, which was printed and distributed amongst us about ten days

ago; it is small quarto, but cannot be sent under a frank. As it may perhaps amuse you, if you or Mr. Emmet will acquaint me how, or to whom I shall direct a copy of it to be sent for you, I will do it with a great deal of pleasure. It was drawn up by Philip Carteret Webb, Esq.

"A line from you, sir, will give me great pleasure. I hope your lady and family are well, and have the honour to remain,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient and very humble servant,

"AND. DUCAREL *.

"To —— Thorpe, Esq.
at Bexley."

This letter seems to have been an introduction to that intimacy, closed but with the life of the writer, in 1785, and though I am perfectly sensible of the unpleasant consequences sometimes caused by the disclosure of confidential correspondence, I believe that, in this instance, I am innocently

* A very curious monument of the state of this art at the time of the Norman conquest is the celebrated tapestry of Bayeux, which still exists, 1803, and is publicly exhibited at stated periods in the cathedral of that city. It is a web of linen nearly two feet in breadth, and two hundred and forty-two in length, embroidered with the history of that memorable expedition, from the embassy of Harold to the Norman court in 1065, till his death in the following year. The scenes of this busy period are successively exhibited, and consist of many hundred figures of men, horses, beasts, birds, trees, houses, churches, and castles, with inscriptions over them, explanatory of their meaning and history. This is understood to have been performed under the direction of Matilda, consort to William the first, and was not improbably executed by the hands of English women, whose superiority in performances of this kind was then universally acknowledged.—*Montfaucon*, tom. i. and ii.—*Ducarel*, *Anglo-Norman Antiquities*, App. No. 1. In each of these authors is to be found a series of engravings representing the entire contents of this *tapestry*.—*Godwin's Life of Chaucer*, vol. 1, p. 165.

gratifying my vanity, and evincing my attachment to my father's native place, the city of Rochester, in publishing a letter to him from a stranger.

Note 14, page 80.

It having been remarked by several gentlemen well acquainted with their country, that they had never seen superior gold fish, it is trifling to say that we have not observed any to exceed these, whether gold or silver, in variety of colouring. The means by which they arrived at perfection may be acceptable to those wishing to afford a comfortable existence to those beautiful animals. By walls (on which the mantling vine was bordered with flowers) and the dwelling-house, three sides of a plot of the finest turf was protected from cold winds, clumps of the choicest shrubs being between the walls, and a basin which sloped to the bottom, in which the fish had so multiplied as to cover the clear surface, and to behold on a sunny day the ecstasy of those infant visitors who were feeding them with bread (seldom done but on such occasions) was a most pleasing scene. The ice was not broken, and during forty winters, a spring, faithful to its trust, had prevented solidity.

Mr. ——, certain that every care could but prolong their misery, gave them for the glasses of his friends with reluctance, but little alleviated by the consideration, that as none died, there was not room for the number produced. When they were indeed reduced, by the heads of its finest inhabitants strewed about their native shore, a favourite cat had been seen to dip her "velvet paw," but was by such havoc, in one night, immediately exculpated. Nor could suspicion of intentional mischief be for one moment harboured. At length their enemy, who had ventured so near the house, shared the fate of

those otters so often brought for a reward from persons who, like Mr. T., lived on the banks of the Cray. In, I think, two or three years the basin was by a pump in the usual manner cleared out. A particular friend wishing to taste a gold fish was thus indulged, to prove that Nature intended them to please the eye and disappoint the palate.

Note 15, page 81, lines 14 and 15.

. . . *fays more malicious*
Full oft the prying Dian find, &c.

"Speaking of Portugal, I have constantly noticed the women hold their fans in such a manner as to prevent the moon from shining upon their faces; and speaking of Madrid, I was walking one evening with the great O'Reilly in his garden; having my hat under my arm, he desired me to be covered, as he said that the moon was in that climate more dangerous than the sun."—*Dalrymple's Travels.*

Sir Richard Hawkins likewise mentions the pernicious effects of the moon's beams in the Cape de Verd Islands, and on the coast of Guinea.

Note 16, page 82, line 7.

To tell us man and death are near.

Though we are sorry that any one should derive pleasure from shooting them, we need not go to Plutarch to learn that to some persons the cawing of a crow is so disagreeable when close to a house, that they are obliged to drive them away.

Note 17, page 82, line 10.

The angler who but would avoid?

We are glad of the above authority for calling fishing a filthy, base, illiberal employment, having neither wit nor per-

Note 21, page 184, line 19.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

We got now and then a glimpse of Mr. Pennant's book, from which having taken the following notes, we insert them, hoping they may be of use to any invalid traveller.

"From Bala:—Llany Chil church; Glan y Llyn, an old house; leave on the right Cairgai on a hill: about two miles further, on the Dolgelly road, on the summit of a high rock, Castle Corndochon, which was built with mortar made of gravel and sea-shells. Returned towards Cairgai. The church of Llanuwchllyn, an armed man in it. Close by this village runs Avon y Llanavon Llew, or Amlew, the last falls into former: third spring arising from the neighbourhood of lofty Arran (mentioned by Spenser) is now called Avon-turch, *i. e.* fierce torrent; crosses a road to Bwlch y Groes. Turf sledges, Dinas Mowdwy, Craig y Dinas. Pennant, when a boy, came down in a peat sledge. Water beneath abounds with salmon, which they catch by straw light. Cross a bridge over deep, still water of the Klywedog, black as ink through darksome chasm."

Note 22, page 194, lines 1 and 2.

. . . *we knew the feat*
Perform'd when thence they bring down peat.

It was in the neighbourhood of Pistyll Rhaiddr we were shown the mountain of which the following description of conveying its slates is given by Mr. Aiken, page 15. "These are procured near the summit of the mountain, and brought down in a very singular and hazardous manner. The vehicle in which they are conveyed is a small sledge, that will contain three or four hundred weight of slates: on the forepart of the sledge is fastened, by both its ends, a short rope; when loaded,

it is drawn to the edge of the declivity; and a man places himself before it, with his face towards the sledge, and the rope round his shoulders; then grasping the sledge with his hands, and raising his feet from the ground, the load, together with the conductor, begins to descend along a narrow winding path, down the scarped, almost perpendicular side of the mountain. The motion, though moderate at first, accelerates very speedily; and the business of the conductor is to govern as well as he can the increasing velocity, by striking the ground with his feet, and by opposing them to the projecting points of rock, to retain the carriage in the proper path: the least inattention or want of dexterity is certain destruction; and yet does this man every day hazard his life four or five times, for the trifling pittance of about two-pence a journey! Peat is conveyed from the tops of the mountains in the same manner; but owing to the lightness of the load is not nearly so dangerous an employment; both of them, however, are sufficiently hazardous, and yet the instances of fatal accidents are extremely rare."

Note 23, page 203, line 21.

'Twas thus from out a rock-bred oak, &c.

Dr. Johnson says, that Roscommon, speaking of the oak in his Essay on Translated Verse, confounds the British and Saxon mythology; but as nobody will take the trouble to remark my confusing the Grecian and British, this Welsh Apollo may keep possession of the oak in quiet, though, we fear, when Hudibras talks of the oracle from heart of oak, it was delivered by a Druid: yet somebody says, the Greeks had their *oracles*, the Romans their augurs, and all the world has its omens.

Note 24, page 212, lines 18 and 19.

What for a moment led me to deny
My Cambria's charms their due supremacy?

Perhaps, after all, much of our admiration may be the effect of novelty, as described by Mr. Addison: "We are indeed so often conversant with one set of objects, and tired out with so many repeated shows of the same thing, that whatever is *new* or uncommon contributes a little to vary human life, and to divert our minds for a while with the strangeness of its appearance." But, probably, the generality of invalids would prefer Kent or Surrey as a residence. Extensive views are not often to be attained in Wales without great fatigue, and, as the same author says, "The mind of man naturally hates every thing that looks like a restraint upon it, and is apt to fancy itself under a sort of confinement when the sight is pent up in a narrow compass, and shortened on every side by the neighbourhood of walls or mountains; on the contrary, a spacious horizon is an image of liberty, when the eye has room to range abroad, to expatiate at large on the immensity of its views, and to lose itself amidst the variety of objects that offer themselves to its observation. Such wide and undetermined prospects are pleasing to the fancy, as the speculations of eternity or infinitude are to the understanding."

Note 25, page 242, line 14.

MADOC.

Edward the first gave the guardianship of Madoc, whose share was Bromfield castle, Dinas Bran, &c. &c. to Earl Warren; and of Llewellyn, who was to have Chirk, &c. to Roger Mortimer. These lords soon caused the poor children to be drowned under Holt-bridge. This I discovered in a manuscript communicated to me by the Rev. Mr. Price, keeper of

the Bodleian library. Before that, the manner of their deaths was current in the country, under the fable of the two young fairies, who had been destroyed in that manner, and in the same place, but the foundation of the tale was till very lately totally lost. The barbarity of the two guardians, so far from being punished by their master, was rewarded. Warren had the grant of Dinas Bran and all Bromfield confirmed to him, dated from Rhudland, Oct. 7, 1281; Mortimer, that of Chirk.—See *Pennant*.

Note 26, page 244, line 4.

Party writers make me mad.

See vol. i. 345, and *Hume*, vol. vi. page 310. Whatever this archbishop may have suffered from writers, the pencil of Vandyke has, no doubt, done him justice; for there is at Lord Penryn's a full-length painting of him by that master. I think at Llandegay church, it is his grace's monument that is in good preservation, through the care of his lordship. On the pulpit of his own chapel at Bangor are three fine pieces of ancient sculpture, and steps, which imitate marble; which, however, come, as did the adjacent offices, from his large slate quarries in this neighbourhood.

Note 27, page 244, line 10.

Deprived of the blessings which here are set down.

Here it may be remarked, that while this little work was preparing for the press, a friend read on an inn window the following lines:

Bad are thy roads, oh Wales,
Thy people's manners worse;
Condemn'd to live amid thy vales,
I need no other curse.

Now, though we can by no means agree with the author of them, we cannot think Lord Lyttelton paid the compliment he intended to the Vale of Festinog, when he said "With the woman one loves, with the friend of one's heart, and a good study of books, one might pass an age there and think it a day." Wales certainly abounds with those contrarieties, the sublime and grotesque, and will, to minds of a fanciful turn, for a time render some of the counties of England perfectly insipid.

MOONSHINE.

VARIETIES.

WHO IS THE PHILANTHROPIST.

WHERE no rivalship is shall we boast of our powers,
Though we please those whose humour exactly suits ours;
But self-love is mighty, or wholly expires,
When the sailor can fascinate beaux or esquires:
While young, we may well with sincerity bear,
Because we have then from it little to fear;
But when fretted by sorrow, or worn with disease,
Not a little can soothe us, but trifles can tease:
To the eye of each stranger we look for support;
In a village regret the discernment of court;
For "alack-a-day, madam, you look very ill,"
Though to some constitutions far worse than a pill.

Should the humour proceed in an opposite vein,
We 're to keep a long face while the vapour'd complain:
" How now," cries the rustic, " why take in your head
That discernment is wanting where men are ill-bred?
No, we see well enough that our int'rest we double,
When this self-love is conquer'd, but then *we* hate trouble."
Where 's the beauty so faded she ever discovers
That Sir Elegant Easy 's not one of her lovers?
Who so far from their sorrow the wretched can lure,
The decay'd cavalier forgets he is poor.
Should bountiful Blunder be praised for compassion,
With me he 's outdone by the true man of fashion,
Whose smile, voice, and gesture, escaping our shelves,
Here reduced to the seeking support in ourselves.

THE ORPHAN RETIRED FROM COURT.

WHERE Thames meand'ring from its lowly ground,
Like Cromwell *, soon 'mongst palaces is found,
Juliet, first taught to lisp a parent's name,
At length wrote cards to many a titled dame;
Nay more, by graces and by muses nursed
In every author those esteem well versed:

* Thomas Cromwell, whose father was a blacksmith.

Nor yet a stranger to the enchanting town,
Amongst the swains, when hid through fortune's frown,
Become obnoxious to the housewife's sneer,
(In quoif she just had plaited) 'tis, " Oh! dear,
Now pray excuse me, for I am so black;"
On Juliet's dishabille a shrewd attack,
Whose waked imagination flew not back
(As did a namesake's to her grandsire's tomb),
Till there appear'd, pale from the drawing-room,
Her former self, stiff in brocade and point;
Then she exclaim'd, " My time is out of joint*:"
Begone, officious Health, and let me die,
So I again may meet good company.

THE ROUNDABOUT IN THE UNIVERSE.

One man at this fair gets a feather,
Another picks up a new name;
A thousand keep scraping together,
While some play a contrary game.

To the bottom the Somebodies go,
While the Nobodies rise from the ground;
Rare news this for many, I trow,
While the world it goes merrily round.

* Hamlet.

Though I make reflections as much
We suspect we'll ere long be in fire:
Cries Tom Brim, who soon became sick,
They were happy as they desire.

ON POWER BEING UNIVERSALLY* WORN

WRITTEN IN '97.

Or heads all silver'd o'er by age,
My master Gay is singing:
While our dames, eager to look old,
Wait not for Age's bringing.

So much admired its tress by them,
Each merry face appearing,
As if the mark of withering years
It were o'erjoy'd with wearing.

Ye tuneful bards, who fill'd your page
With Chloe's wondrous graces,
Hammonds and Cowleys, could ye peep
Into our public places,

* This world is only formed for "ostentation," says honest Montaigne.

How would ye mourn to find that all,
All now are on a level;
That auburn, golden, jetty locks,
Where your encomiums revel,

Now undistinguish'd lie in dust,
Or stiffen'd by pomatum
Into vile curl, and viler friz,
Till some new torture wait 'em.

THE MIDNIGHTS.

The ball-room with its countless lights,
With all its fashion and its frights,
How different this to those midnights
Where not one star will deign to peep,
As the grim sailor, half asleep,
Sings doleful ditties o'er the deep.
Yet this shall not the soul appal,
Like "Carriage ready," and a call
Of the last dance, when at this ball
The beauty that begins to fade
Feels she cannot herself persuade
The wish'd-for conquest has been made.

Thus active thought pursues the boy
While he is running to a toy;
Or even may his play forsake,
To smile mamma out of a cake.

A BALLAD.

Amongst all its follies on life,
Which affords us the strongest burlesque?
(Excepting the folly call'd strife,
Which supports both the gun and the desk.)

The man who had money to lose,
A wager will eagerly lay
That it's his, while he's tying the noose,
Which shows us the folly of play.

By the folly call'd fashion, a wreck
Is made of the spendthrift's affairs;
But the sportsman, by breaking his neck,
From ruin may rescue his heirs.

The man who 's so ready to part,
(For folly's sake part) 'tis his wife
In folly exceeds, if her heart
She breaks * when he throws away life.

* As the Marchioness of Tavistock did.

That scribbling 's a folly, what doubt,
Or that those most this folly admire,
Who, leaving his grace to turn out,
Find their sport by the side of a fire.

To conclude with that folly a pun *,
Though fearful it is but a hack:
The gamester and sportsman both run
To death with a different pack.

THE THRASHER.

Belinda, weary of the town,
Would look for peace in meads new mown;
But by experience found too rash, her
Hope was here, when, lo! the thrasher
Is heard, ere Anvil opens shop,
Nay, before Sol espies the drop
Which from night's fost'ring bosom fell
To renovate the with'ring bell.

* Yet a celebrated critic says of punning, that this amusement, though humble and low, unbends the mind, and is relished by some at all times, and by all at some times; and the Rambler (No. 152), permitting "points of conceit" in trifles, did he descend so low as the ballad, might there allow the pun as its proper "ornament."

That falt'ring twitter from yon nest
Says, " Busy man, you break our rest;
Through you it is this callow brood
Before its hour will cry for food."
Think, sons of Sloth, who 'd sorely grieve
Your down-bed luxuries to leave,
How prodigal of strength the man
Whose day before the dawn began;
Yet this friend Ploughshare says must be,
If, Famine, they would not have thee
An inmate of the wretched cot,
By Poverty fix'd to their lot;
But, to more dismal make our tale,
'Twas Atrophy who held this flail:
Hear and lament, ye sons of Wealth,
When labour is divorced from health,
The sterile glebe to sow or plant,
And die in gathering up, we grant,
Is not uncommon. Why this pother?
Because he gathers for another.

THE * * * * * PEASANT IN TOWN.

O'ER a view sent from Wales, as Sir Courtly was bending,
While Varnish his hobby-horse join'd in commending;

Old Hazel sigh'd out to himself, " What a fuss
Here is all about Taffy, sir ; live but with us :
Our church is not ceil'd, our housen thack'd over
Not a bit like your lordship, from London to Dover."
" Of the rustic a little is pretty enough,
But I fear, my good friend, your whole surface is rough."
So at home when our clodpole his packet unloads,
'Tis I fancy my landlord was frit at our roads.
Blest county, since mire itself can't refuse
To strengthen the staple by wearing out shoes.

WRITTEN IN THE NIGHT.

AFTER THE CEILING HAD FALLEN TWO STORIES DOWN A STAIRCASE.

WHILE rats assault with tooth and nail
Our walls, and pilfering boys shall scale
That blow the most severely felt *,
By things inanimate is dealt.
The proudest steed of raging war
In vain is buckled to the car,
When one of wood was to destroy,
By Fate's decree, devoted Troy.

* Made ill by the fright.

THE PARTY.

JACK to some neighbours sketching out the scene,
Where they much wish'd to be, and he had been;
His admiration Hal could not refuse,
"But, after all, we cannot live on views."
"Why not?" replies Clarinda, "when we find
That prospects are the food of half mankind."

TO MY CANDLE.

THE WICK STIFFENED IN ITS OWN OIL.

WHILE to the stubborn wick I cried,
"By you bright phosphorus defied:"
Just so, methought, a Newton's treated
By ignorance, grown self-conceited.

THE THINKER.

IF you allow adepts are made
By application to a trade,
'Tis certain they must think aright,
Who from the morning think till Night
Throws down her mantle on the plain,
And when that's done, o'er it again;
Their contemplation still pursue,
Till Sol transforms the early dew;

For round his sandals pearl is set,
Which upon sable was but jet.

THE GROUP.

In this lone palace fallen to decay,
Let me with silence gaze my time away;
The soothing silence who well pleased remains,
Where the gray moss its parent stone sustains:
Here with Conjecture, nymph of distant sight,
Pierce through the gothic gall'ry's fairy light;
To Babylon's proud walls, though e'er so loth,
At length surrend'ring to a host of moth.
Here shall she muse, if 'tis the worm-worn frame
Deserts, or is deserted by that dame *,
Who once a monarch's bosom could inflame;
Or if yon fragments (rich in innate worth)
Resume the mirror in a second birth;
While their betrayer, mould'ring on the floor,
Can with its varnish lure the sense no more;
And here it is that memory wanders up
And down to form the serious busy group;
Then flies to history, and brings back that page,
Which shall contrast the twelfth and present age.

* Fair Rosamond.

The daw, the clatt'ring hatchment, and the wind,
Salute the ear, the eye no more can find,
Beside moss, dust, and ceilings cobweb lined:
Save when it reaches in the lofty hall,
To where, from rust, charm'd gauntlets banners fall;
Yet here by pensive Pleasure are we met,
And linger with her, till we Care forget;
Vain pen, desist, thy whims no more pursue,
To Cashem write, and so give Care his due.

WHO IS THE MADMAN.

Says Jupiter to Juno,
" I 'm sure, my love, that you know
How patiently I bore
With him who ask'd for more;
The man whom I call mad
Begg'd what he ne'er had had.
Thus on another's taste
His happiness is placed."
The camel kneels, and when it is bestow'd,
To teach his master, bravely bears his load.

WRITTEN IN SIGHT OF —— CHURCHYARD.

All ostentatious of corporeal powers,
Here clowns assemble to knock down their hours;

See, the health-harden'd mortal gambols o'er,
Though here 'tis death who has inlaid the floor.
Say with paternal dust, this does not save
His iron heel from entering the grave;
E'en she, by whom the train of woe was spread,
May at this scene presume to raise her head,
For Superstition could protect the dead.
The Indian here reproaches, with the Greek,
(With him who taught his conquerors to speak);
For, at this moment caught, what must ensue?
Britannia's the barbarian, in this view;
Whom see emerging from the billowy tide,
Plenty and Beauty still await her side;
" Go, slave to Luxury, her couch perfume,
Or with the year your idle task resume
Of rites fantastic, round the tress-wreathed tomb;
While for my commerce eastern gales arise,
Disturb the sleeping dust with fruitless sighs;"
So far by anger hurried on the dame;
But by this scene now overwhelm'd with shame,
" Britannia shall disown those sons who tread
Upon her decency that guards the dead:
For insult here is offer'd but by those
Inhuman, who to every law are foes."

But, hark! instructions here so misapplied,
Clowns spell the moral sentence to deride;
For what can Charity with all her schools?
The rebel spirit fills them with his fools *,
When night has forced the scorner to retire,
And veil'd from eyes profane the hallow'd spire;
The late departed maiden, chaste as fair,
To seek her lover's turf, now treads on air:
In vain, for, ah! the gentle spirit loathes
That air polluted by a brother's oaths;
Though oft within a church, no priest shall tell
Him of the joys of heaven, or pains of hell;
Thither he goes to only hear the bell [2];
And from it to the house of Vice adjourns,
By whose malicious chemistry he turns
The good intended to a monstrous evil;
For him these bells but summon to the devil;
And vulgar habit shall so far prevail,
To leap the pew's once venerated pale:
At least, here every demon shall rejoice
O'er men regardless of the preacher's voice;
Intemperance revelling through the purer meads,
It is the serious Contemplation heeds

* In a scriptural sense.

Religion, as she with indignant frown
Reproves the song of the next reeling clown;
But where is this world's wisdom, who might give
Her hand-maid Decency with us to live?
Better such passions hid beneath her cloak,
Than triumph, Imitation to provoke.

† ON * * * *.

We grant, says Tom, such bloom and features
Might place her amongst charming creatures [9];
But ringlets of so light a brown
Suit one still fairer, you will own;
I 'll tell you how this came about:
Last summer Sol arose, in doubt
Whether 'twas Phillis, and he took
Another and another look:
In short, to look could not forbear,
Till the sweet girl 's no longer fair.

† Miss P——y, niece to Dr. W., vicar of Whitechapel, on seeing * * * *, exclaimed, " How pretty she is!" Indeed, the very girl her brother's pencil gave in his very pleasing scenes of rural life. The long and dark lashes of her laughing eye contrived to seldom let you pronounce it deep blue.

ON ONE WHO QUITTED THE LAW * FOR THE ARMY.

In cutting throats his mercy we shall feel,
Who left the feather to take up the steel.

TEMPTATION.

"My child," I heard the good man say,
"Be sure from Truth you never stray;
Let Patience be remember'd next,
And harbour mercy in your breast."
"Mercy!—alas! I roll no judge,
But must through life in linsey trudge;"
On this account its maker put
The helpless worm beneath your foot,
And Justice shall prefer her claim
To you, through every neighbour's fame;
'Tis for her sake you must defend
A foe, though thus you lose a friend:
Still more, that temperance might be
Practised by meanest poverty,

* Following the vulgar idea: for, besides Mr. P——e, and Mr. H—— (my solicitor for these thirty years), I have known several gentlemen in the profession.

From her by earth is scarcely hid
That root * whence grew the Pyramid
(Amongst our world's first wonders placed);
New mushrooms spangle o'er the waste,
And every hill can to her board
A choice of savoury herbs afford;
While round our isle the officious sea
At a cheap rate serves Luxury.

IN MEMORY OF THE ODIOUS FASHIONS PREVAILING TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The belle of some provincial town
Writes up to London, rumbled down
The caravan from Miss Le Blond,
Now over-dresses all the ton;
Pastora smiles, while Betty grins
Through complaisance, though she begins
T' anticipate no little fuss,
" 'Bout every bit so new to us."
Yes, ribands, gauzes, beads, and laces,
Through false conjecture change their places;

* The onion.

Plumes droop o'er wreaths that blushing lie
To ruin grace and symmetry;
Poor Betty every moment chid—
How awkwardly! does as she 's bid.
Till grown so odious such assistance,
She is commanded to a distance.
At length, behold Miss at quadrille,
Her toilet task perform'd so ill;
Conceal'd some favourites of pride,
Conceal'd by what they ought to hide:
Though out of sight the maid disgraced,
Her clumsy finger may be traced;
And all too conscious of its errors,
The mistress sits encount'ring terrors;
Indeed, so fill'd her heart with dread
Of mischief to her loaded head,
That it in motion seems to mock
The staring Cynthia on a clock.
How vast *has been* the expense! what trouble!
In vain *now* to protect a bubble *;
In short, those better dress'd discover
Half these mistakes and sneer them over:

* The large beads then worn on lappets were made of very thin glass filled with wax.

Right Reason, 'tis to thee we pray
To wear all monstrous modes away;
The coarsest garb ne'er look'd so ill
As finery put on without skill;
Through want of which, changed into lumber,
That which should veil, will but encumber;
'Tis Nature [4] helps when showy dresses
Wrap the Parisian, but increases
Those difficulties which must meet
The Briton putting on deceit.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

"WERE I not useful to the poor,"
Says Fashion; "why not me endure?
Who in a score of trifling actions
Find substitutes for those reflections
The gay despise, thoughts to the great
Attended, by both fear and hate
Full often, if thus big they grew--
By what? some mountain of Peru."
Against such thoughts it were more kind
To wish they no resource should find.

THE AMBITIOUS.

Ye sons of Ambition, with yours my fate tallies,
From climbing up mountains confined now to valleys;
Then to get round by sea was so pleasing a dream,
But the tempest arising; I 'm sick of my scheme:
And though I must own I could cataracts view,
This shall help me to prove my similitude true;
For to reckon up fairly the whole of this matter,
We but find it amount to a dash of cold water.

THE SWEET-POT.

Her hand the laughing Hebe dips:
We contrast with its finger tips
Those roses, which, when new to life,
Did, through the zeal of some good wife,
Within this jar resign their bloom:
Thus sunk the vestal to her tomb*.

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN WELL-DRESSED,

AND BEING TOLD HER FATHER WAS A JAILER.

Jailer! yes, yes, drawn there by beauty's power,
His gates upon the captive close each hour;

* When criminal, they were buried alive.

Or else, beyond all measure careful, he
Upon this lovely daughter turns the key.
" How can you thus ingeniously mistake?
Nature has waved no law for Emma's sake;
On a black rock the fairest plants arise,
And from that ocean, deaf to human cries,
Acknowledge we receive the precious pearl;
Then from a jailer, why not this sweet girl?"

ON A NEIGHBOUR'S CHILD.

THE BABE FROM THE CHURCHYARD.

" TURN in fourscore, and, contemplating me,
Confess how bounteous Providence to thee;
If now with trembling limbs you pant for breath,
Think my whole life was but a ling'ring death:
Both health and pleasure have to you been known,
And Hope's sweet song can interrupt a groan;
But I that life a load to death must bear,
Without Religion to wipe off a tear."
What is it that our gaffer grandsire says,
To prove his woe is measured by his days?
" Of that you hardly tasted; stay to hear
One word, poor babe, and know that word is Fear."

THE DIFFERENCE.

Says Money-wise, the man of sense
Is the only man who keeps his pence:
Folly and Wit agree, we know,
To spend, but differ in the *how*.

TO GEORGE THE THIRD.

'Twere worth our while a king to be,
If then we were beloved like thee;
If every tongue and every eye
Spoke for the heart of loyalty;
For those few by a faction bought,
Or youth, whom novelty has caught,
Wisdom shall set them down as nought.
The libeller can never hurt you,
Supported as you are by virtue;
Nay more, 'tis slander serves to show
How far your clemency can go.
When to a blooming border nigh,
Admiring sweet variety,
There shall arise an envious wind,
Which sighing sinks when it must find
The beauty now becomes more bright
By being placed in every light.

THE KNOCKER.

WRITTEN WHILE LODGING AT A COUNTRY TRADESMAN'S.

Of all the schemes Pride can devise,
When she to scare dame Reason tries,
Commend me to that clamour made
By visits to our bourgeois paid.
Propriety will something say,
When 'tis the looby liveried gay,
Who for " my lady" loudly bounces;
But she the cause of those renounces,
Who by their own hands must petition
To be thought people of condition;
Let such with whom 'tis very low,
Aspire but household arts to know;
The middle ranks may to all this
Add a superior kind of bliss,
Of learning quantum sufficit,
To relish both plain sense and wit;
But if a paltry pride must live,
Shall it not find whereon to thrive,
While there is furniture and caps?
These more substantial food than raps [6].
The invalid whom Fortune sends
To help the till out, noise offends;

Beside which, other woes await,
'Tis haste makes waste—down drops a plate;
Tray's kick'd—what next? her gown she tore,
Through the loud folly at your door;
Whose victory shall the victor suit
Over weak woman and a brute.
See, on that empty mansion's roof
The sedum, which is beauty proof,
Through grossness from bright Sol retire
By hasty shoots t' embrace the mire;
This for triumphant wreath she wore,
Who on her banner henceforth bore
The lion's head upon a door.

TO A CITIZEN.

Whether the fairy fiction chooses
To be attired by the Muses,
Or is contented prose should robe her,
That dame more affable and sober:
The cottages are all so pleasant,
Child of simplicity, the peasant,
And, questionless, his numerous race is
Endow'd with their good grannum's graces:
Sons of Augusta, if you doubt
The vileness of *our* rabble rout,

Hear Truth, while thus she Fiction mocks,
Our " Gentle Shepherd," —— throws at cocks [o]:
Let not the hapless wight, by fate
Fix'd 'tween the Park and Chapel * gate,
To those regrets which he must bear
About him for the loss of air
He breathed when on his thymy hills,
For loss of groves, and meads, and rills,
Add that a false description gives,
Not with more barbarous men he lives;
Though, Fancy, it may suit thee well
To blend the force of heaven and hell;
Where cruelty is in extreme,
Goodness exists but in a dream.

THE SELF-DECEIVER.

How specious are the masks of sin!
Hers, what variety of gin!
For self-defence, our anger covers
Love, criminality in lovers;
Prudence (good dame) must, on occasion,
Veil envy, avarice, and evasion;
And oft, when sin wears no disguise,
The best of men will veil their eyes.

* Hyde-park and Whitechapel turnpikes.

ON HER VOLUBILITY.

FROM Mira's lip earth's sweetest speech must fly,
Lest 'tis compared with Heaven's from her eye.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING THE TOMB OF AN EARL OF ——,

SUPPORTED BY FOUR FIGURES, WHICH I TOOK TO BE CARDINAL VIRTUES.

* * * *, unshaded by that honied leaf*
Which Pride puts forth, as if to attract our grief,
Thy nobler soul our Piety shall court
With that which only can the man support,
(Though 'mongst his ancestry he number kings),
The assembled virtues which from Heaven she brings.

IF.

As sages say, the universe is wide;
Let "Ay and No" the empire still divide
Of other worlds, but on our little ball,
The tyrant If continue all in all.
If shall with slow tautology precede †,
Whether we close with garland or with weed;

* I could not perceive any epitaph where we stood, and such fulsome compositions often but obscure the worth of the deceased.

† Concerning issue in marriage-settlements and wills.

Whether with solemn dirge or nuptial song
We would the farce of pageantry prolong,
This life shall end with If, as it begun,
And If, alone, to Heaven's gate may run;
For who can say his friend's sins are forgiven?
But *If* they are, why, then, he 's gone to Heaven.

PRO AND CON.

How fine the view from yonder hill!
  But there the bleak wind shall offend;
The vale's a drain which fog shall fill—
  A flat—still worse and worse, my friend.

To us, poor insects, ere we wing
  Our way to Heaven, such webs belong,
That, on examining the thing,
  Always a right side and a wrong.

Here the blunt cynic cries aloud,
  " Full often when the back 's so smart,
That it by envy grieves the crowd,
  Sackcloth is wound about the heart."

THE HERMIT.

By the breast beating storm oppress'd and chill'd,
Man has been often counsell'd to retire,
Not to the shelter found in regions wild,
But haunt of cheerfulness, the social fire.

Perhaps there lives who shall esteem his fate
Severe which such expedient must exclude,
Conveying fear and evils of less weight,
Though loathed by him this draught of solitude.

All sapient Nature, when she shut the day
From yonder mine, in it the diamond set;
So to the hermitage shall Heaven convey
That bliss which in the world is seldom met.

NATURE DESERTED.

This world by art so much engross'd,
Upon it Nature's charms are lost;
In vain with fragrant bloom she fills
The vale, while Mosineaux * distils.

* An eminent perfumer.

Be yours her strokes on shells and flowers,
Let but the figured gauze be ours;
The wing to Heaven its tints may spread,
Dropping one feather for our head;
Lest Nature should on this presume,
The meanest art improves our plume;
Upon your faith shall we encroach,
If 'tis declared, to keep their coach,
The million would resign that wealth
From Providence received in health?
Of Art, in sober times, 'twas said,
Behold great Nature's humble maid!
Who now "out-stepping modesty,"
'Tis to the highest place you see
The world hands—who but Mimickry?

THE THREE ESTATES.

Beside for the pleasure I need not relate,
For which all my readers must envy the great;
I envy his lordship, because in a park
Dwells silence disturb'd but by linnet or lark;
I envy the poor, who, though not without care,
Hears noise unperplex'd, and all seasons can bear;
At fashions must laugh, and of little possess'd,
He knows not the fears by our parchments confess'd;

And through such happy ignorance ever is free
From that train of vexations familiar to me:
Give him a good dinner, Delve cares not a pin
Howe'er the goose-feather may mark the sheep skin.
And thus you know how from my bliss to abate,
In that so much envied the middle estate;
Though for my disposition the fittest, no doubt,
Or by Providence not for your servant look'd out.

ON A VILE BUST OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

THE traveller, as he passes, cries
  Their meaning's very clear,
This bust significantly shows
  They never flatter here.

For certainly we may conclude
  Those safe in other things,
Who scorn that despicable vice
  When they are giving kings.

But on the other side they err,
  For all who know him must
Allow this representing ours
  Will prove they are unjust.

THE FLYING ADMIRAL.

It is the shout of victory,
The voice of joy we hear;
Yet, mingled with that heavy sigh,
Britannia learns to fear.

It is too true! our Nelson 's dead!
This moment pass'd the gulf
That spirit which from conquest fled
To view itself in Wolfe.

TO ONE WHO TOOK DROPSICAL MEDICINES

FOR A SHORTNESS OF BREATH, WHICH PROVED TO BE THE EFFECT OF SMOKY CHIMNEYS.

These drugs relief shall never follow,
While, Portia like, you fire swallow;
From this, not water, comes your woe:
Boy, for the chimney-doctor go.

THE TWO TOBIES*.

Each housewife grants a tender care
Should wait upon our earthenware;

* Jugs were called Tobies from the famous song, "And out of Old Toby, I made this brown jug," &c.

Though Harry's blamed, yet you must know
The jug, which had braved many a blow,
As by its scars we well remember,
Through water perish'd in December;
Split by the weak becoming strong:
Thus far will reason join our song.
Now though th' ascites swells to close
Of many a sober life the woes;
Yet he who wantonly shall use
Right Nantz may seem this death to choose:
If for a paradox you seek,
'Tis here, the strong must become weak
Before the human mould will break.
When in the churchyard forced to play [7],
A "Stoop to Conquer" suits that day.

BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

With A. the cloud for ever shifting,
That cloud in which all hues are mix'd;
On B. the storm still one way drifting,
With him the eye of care is fix'd.

And thus, while A. cries "How unstable
Are all your sublunary things;"

B. shall engrave upon his table,
" My time but repetition brings;

" For when with Death he comes, perceiving
Not this new tyrant, you 'll agree;
This scene I to those friends am leaving,
Who see a change I cannot see*."

AN ADDRESS TO NIGHT.

WRITTEN ON THE BIRTHDAY.

Oh! Night, I am so fond of thee,
You seldom stay too long for me;
Because with you that silence dwells
Who lurketh in monastic cells;
While here we have the gaudy day,
Showing a titled crowd its way
To palaces, through dusty streets,
(Where, o'er the withering rose he meets
In the hard hand of Atrophy,
Jacques exclaims, " We view in thee
Some heiress clutch'd by Poverty.")

* This observation is made by many, besides Mr. Hughes, in the Siege of Damascus.

To make us take still more delight
In your good company, dame Night,
Imagination waits on thee,
Though with her rival Memory;
Whose mimickry we oft repeat,
Without intention * of deceit.

EPIGRAM.

THOUGH the spendthrift and miser
Obtaining their due,
You defy me to show
Him most mad of the two.

When Gripe saw his error,
He cheerfully gave;
But if Squander repents,
He has nothing to save.

* Nor can himself (*i. e.* the author) always distinguish invention with sufficient certainty from recollection, says Dr. Johnson, in his Preface to Shakspeare; and in Dr. Young's, to the Centaur, "We may be innocent plagiarists, by putting for our own what we remembered from another."

ON VIEWING A FIELD WHICH PRODUCED A VERY THIN CROP,

IN CONSEQUENCE OF BEING SOWN WITH ITS LAST YEAR'S CORN.

THE flail now ceased, we saw the wily swain
Present his miser's offering to the plain;
That plain, which must the ungenerous motive feel,
Accepts his grain when she 's compell'd by steel;
Next year (thus wanton rapine takes its course),
As once he gave, he now receives by force;
But shortly reassumed his former tone,
Like a sly steward he 'd bribe her with her own;
She changed her measures, and the rogue 's undone.

BAITS FOR FANCY.

WRITTEN WHILE OBSERVING AN ANGLER FROM A WINDOW.

THEE, Fancy, how shall we confine
To trout? while anglers seek their bait,
You, at your full extent of line,
Are plunging in a future state!

" If but a trencher mousetrap 's * set,"
You cry, " 'twere diabolic fun,

* A trencher so poised, that every mouse which runs on it is drowned.

Should men upon the same road get
  Where half their race have been undone."

Fancy will on the moment seize,
  While Joan explores the bacon-rack,
To cry, " The rankest vice will please,
  Though nicely coated is the back."

Though pure ingredients those you mix,
  'Tis Fancy says, " E'en moral rhyme
To ruin leads, if fiends should fix
  On duties slighted for your crime."

Yet some good angel may divert
  Our grief by rhyme, and safely bring
The mouse from rusty wires unhurt,
  Though this breaks now our hum-strum string.

ON GEORGE THE THIRD.

Crown the best heads at twenty-two;
Then see of hearts how very few,
Which, having such a trial stood,
Give to the world a man as good
As George, who, meeting Alfred's fate,
Would in a cottage still be great.

READING.

PLUTARCH *.—HANNIBAL.

THAT Virtue by the Tiber grew
To her full stature is not true;
Yet Fame so loudly blew about
Rome's praises reach'd the infernal rout,
Whose hope through all that region ran
With "no consistency in man."
But how shall we portray to you
The hope that dwells with such a crew?
Supposing our idea fair,
She is the same with man's despair,
And from the quav'ring Gabrielle †,
We may her sweetest simper tell.
Those horrors which her charms renew,
Wring from the couch of pain their dew;

* The following pieces were oftener written from recollection than while reading.

† Yet, for any thing we know, the famous singer of that name performed without the frightful grimaces of some of her sisterhood.

At her known yell Revenge arose,
Thus muttering as to earth she goes:
" To Rome its laurels they restore;
But with these fingers dropping gore,
I 'll from this envied chaplet take
Enough, that fatal dose to make,
Carthage shall swallow for my sake."

CATO THE YOUNGER.

When Cato through the Libyan deserts pass'd,
By serpents met, and subtler Cæsar chased;
With wonder gods beheld what this man bore,
Yet Cato lived till he could bear no more.
For that debasing and destructive * act,
Had Rome to thank the tenets of a sect;
Their inconsistency so quickly proved,
To death those forcing who cannot be moved;
Or must we grant, fatigue and noxious air
Could subject even Cato to despair?
To some ignoble power his soul must bow,
Whose hand could give so kind a slave a blow.

* Destructive, as it is supposed that, after the death of Cæsar, Cato might have restored the liberty of Rome.

PETITION TO THE PREMIER.

THINK not, O great and mighty sir,
I 'd speak of slight offences;
No; I reveal a grievous plot
Of darkest consequences.

Yet I ask not the culprits should
Be hurt by chains or beating;
A great tax laid on little types
Is all that I 'm entreating.

Though it bring in but little cash,
Yet this should not be minded,
To save the generation which
Now peeps from being blinded.

How friendly to that various throng
Who daily hammers handle,
And now to book are gone, alas!
With but a farthing candle.

A. vows, when Crispin 's thus set down
To his new work of thinking,
As here the intellectual light
Must be considered blinking,

'Twere better to extinguish both—
More good he does by sleeping;
But B. would have them read at home,
T' abolish alehouse keeping.

While these dispute, behold poor I,
'Mong many volumes poking,
To choose my author by his type *,
Which is—is most provoking.

Great sir, regard I cannot doubt
You to my suit are paying;
So your petitioner may see
For whom she 's to be praying.

LEWIS AND TREVES.

From cruel Louvois we the fiend may paint,
And in this instance Lewis is a saint;
Who, to revenge an injured city's wrongs,
O'er his vain-glorious sword exalts the tongs.

* If a great book is a great evil, a great book with a small type is to the old or invalid but waste paper.

THE HISTORY OF MAN.

He had no more religion
Than had Mahomet's pigeon,
Nay, against his own reason
He committed such treason
That no laws of society
Could restrain his ebriety.

With but few exceptions,
  Since this world began,
In these lines you may read
  The whole history of man.

LYCURGUS.

Yes, yes, Lycurgus took the way,
Corruption he could only lay
  Beneath thy ruin, Gold.
For sure it is, where'er you live,
Or paper representative,
  All of this world is sold.

PYRRHUS*.

When to a bird, and one so low
As is the hoarse discordant crow,
No meaner way Death dared to come,
Than by the voice of ancient Rome †;
For thunder see the hero wait.
Through the capriciousness of Fate,
She by a strange reverse of style
To Pyrrhus shall direct a tile.

PLUTARCH'S ESSAY ON HEARING.

It seems as if we might be proud,
Since Learning's voice is now so loud,
'Tis heard e'en by our lowest youth;
Yet he 's a wand'rer from the truth,
Wide as were those of that rude day,
When Wisdom but in rochets lay.
T' explain the mystery, I fear,
As Plutarch says, Youth does but—HEAR.

* Pyrrhus must submit to tag a rhyme as well as Charles the twelfth. See Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.

† See Life of Pompey.

A LECTURE ON THE POETS' WIGS *.

A CLEVER finger might compare,
Or twist into a mode of hair
Each English poet; but 'tis true,
Such hands have something else to do.
So while upon the lyre they play,
Scrub to the toilet must away.
But first for Addisonian prose †,
The tress that naturally flows
('Gainst the impertinent beholder),
Protective, o'er chaste beauty's shoulder.
Next this, such ringlets take their place
As might angelic forms embrace;
Ringlets, in which no trace of toil
Their captivating power shall spoil;
These give us the Miltonic style.
But should variety delight,
The dropping here, there wound up tight,
You 've the great manner and concise
Of Pope and Young, when lashing vice.

* Stevens's Lecture on Heads must have given rise to many trifles of this kind.

† Allegories which veil the truth.

Now from dame Nature far retired,
See, for much curious whim admired,
The effect of many a torturing twirl,
A caul *thick sown* with chestnut curl,
Which shall, methinks, our Cowley hit,
Through his, though shining, labour'd wit.
With heart at ease when he is read,
We compliment that writer's head.
The crape! what can this but surprise?
Oh! the abominable frize;
Not even glossy, we confess,
Unrival'd but in littleness.
Candour herself despairs to praise
The wretched bard [8] of James's days,
Whose wit but anagram and pun,
Proves he supposed the laurels won
By him when patience was display'd,
While quibbles were pick'd out or made;
Yet to a king who wrote on witches [9]
These may be literary riches.
This hastily removed from view,
We one more *tête* present to you;
The last with our first * mentioned taste
In this who on a guess need waste

* Milton.

One moment, so exceeding plain
To all, which bard shall blend the twain.
These locks full long, and others tangled,
The scissors brought, a cry of " mangled."
To work goes many a great tooth,
And keen, endeavouring to smooth;
Where Time so tight had drawn the knot,
But slowly on this way they got;
While one a stranger in our nation
Presumed to judge of its old fashion:
Which of us that shall not admire
Shakspeare in spite of this attire?
A household god, while winter reigns,
And when the summer rules these plains;
Our very idol, though the knee
Supports, instead of bends to thee
Beneath some fruitful mulberry *.
Where reverie awaits his power,
Who, not content with Nature's dower,
Would far beyond those regions tread.
And then its bright ideas led,
To penetrate th' unschool'd head;

* See Songs made for Shakspeare's Jubilee, about the year 1769.

But here we must conclude our boast,
For on th' inhospitable coast
Of dulness, Shakspeare's wit were lost.
We 've pick'd up criticism good *
To satisfy our rhyming mood,
Which has, I fear, work'd to its wo;
Thus 'tis the solid gold shall go
Into that engine, whence a thread,
Was it once weighty, may be said,
Though weary †, as we may presume
You are, of this same dressing-room;
Methinks I 'll venture to put down
One thought you will believe my own.
Observe that block, which though so big,
What but a feather is its wig?
In these, to novels *wondrous long*,
We 've a similitude full strong.

* Perhaps from Dr. Johnson; for had we any judgment, we should for our own sakes read, as the Henry of a certain author is said to write, *i. e.* "to be delighted, and thus find more beauties than faults; too much in love with the Muse to look severely for her little inconsistencies."

† Weary as I have been myself, I could not find courage to burn this, after having been at the trouble of such long notes to illustrate it.

Save but a trifle, don't admire,
If with the rest we light our fire *.

READING MEMOIRS OF VOLTAIRE,

FROM P. 43 TO 47.

HEYDAY! Philosophers indeed!!
Do but these two epistles read.
Now think you any suburb quean
Could hit on stratagems so mean?
Or such scurrility could throw
Her barrow wheeling to and fro?
Blush, all ye literary men,
Blush for your brothers of the pen,
And learn to shun th' approach of Rage:
She against Nature would engage
Who gave them wit; when—do but note,
The fury sullied half they wrote.

* This cannot include those *few* novels that convey, under the charms of gaiety, the precepts of wisdom.

TASSO CONTRASTED WITH VOLTAIRE [10].

How widely Tasso and Voltaire
  Their pilgrimage concluded!
When one to a terrestrial crown
  Cried out, "You've but intruded."

By vile Alphonso's schemes aggrieved,
  Sick of both life and fiction,
He welcomed, harbinger of peace,
  The church's benediction.

Those leaves which strew'd his way to fame
  He wish'd annihilated;
Whilst Voltaire with her loudest note
  At fourscore is unsated.

When but poor players compliment,
  His joy makes such advances
Toward folly, Reason blushes deep
  At his extravagancies.

Thus mankind shall to solid gold aspire;
Of tinsel toys the child shall never tire.

DRYDEN.

This hint * to recluses
Is good, but what use is
Your telling of such an one what to expect?
Since forced by mischances,
Or through his high fancies,
It must be he shows the good world disrespect.

Some bold men took pride in
Attacking John Dryden,
Or knowing his humour, they hence might discern
That peace, his first passion,
He scorn'd vindication,
And sooner than so wet his pen it should burn.

POPE.

Who flies from Nature when he follows Truth?
"'Tis Pope," a poet from his earliest youth.
Himself confesses, though so proud to die †,
Enamour'd of that false philosophy,

* From a reserved temper he was less known, and consequently his character became more liable to misapprehensions and misrepresentations.—*Johnson's Lives of the Poets*, vol. i. p. 364.

† Till undeceived.

By St. John's care conducted to his side,
St. John no less than father to the bride.

ON READING, POPE HARDLY ALLOWED TO BE A POET.

Pope wedding a philosophy,
Scorns his old flame the Muse;
While Time brings up Posterity
Both ladies to abuse.

ON READING THE DUNCIAD AND MISCELLANIES BY POPE AND OTHERS.

Here (to Revenge inscribed your book),
But little men great poets look;
Especially when we observe
Such from their own wise maxims * swerve.
And grant you prove a Blackmore's name
Shines not with a poetic † fame;
Perhaps we were not in the wrong,
As Piety inspired his song ‡,

* "Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of sense."

† Which Dr. Johnson says it does in the Creation.

‡ History of Kensington.—They attacked his poetry, not his character.

To say in a celestial light,
That view'd by yours, his is more bright.
But, see! the angry wits are raised,
Who cry "Well suits the praise, the praised."
For lo! what has my rhyming done?
Betray'd to something like a pun.

THE COMMAND.

SHENSTONE, when hearing from our friends,
To yield most comfort yours pretends;
Since mine commands me to destroy
Lines which to keep would give me joy;
And I submit to Caution's rule,
Who will be foremost in the school
Of sage experience; so consent
To tear, lest foes make me repent;
Thus was the Roman urged to slaughter,
With his own hand, a darling daughter.

SHENSTONE ADVISING TO SETTLE ACCOUNTS ON A WET DAY.

TH' advice which Shenstone here is giving
Would make our wits' finances thriving;
But Prudence cries, "If they 're to stay

When fair, in rain you 'll find excuses
To keep at home these madam Muses:"
Sour thing, she 'd send them quite away,
Yet cannot quarrel with his mettle,
Who never having bills to settle,
Sometimes with pen and ink will play.

READING THAT GOLDSMITH WAS ENVIOUS.

Did this base passion then presume
Thee, Goldsmith, to infest?
For thy exalted genius say,
Could Envy be a guest?

Our falt'ring accents tell thy rank,
When 'mongst the tuneful tribe,
In prose with chastest humour stored
You with such pleasure bribe;

'Tis Gratitude averts our ear,
When we are bid to blame;
Or "blot out ev'ry word but praise,"
She cries, "Around the name

" Of him who but retaliates *,
For no more can be true,
Since, Goldsmith, for thy Traveller,
The world must envy you."

But to be serious; bliss, we hope,
You 'll through His aid procure,
Whose will thou so far didst obey,
Thy mite thrown to the poor.

THE TREASURES OF GOLDSMITH.

SURPASSING every pensive tale,
Thus sung the sorrows of one vale;
From which the cheerful heart shall beat
To Vauxhall gardens a retreat,
Where Madam Tibbs commands her features,
To strike with awe these low-bred creatures;
While you're saluted by its Mirth
And Laughter early from his birth;
Who, like the Carthaginian's heir,
Vow'd an eternal war with Care;

* " Retaliation," the title of some verses written by the Doctor.

Yet to the chasten'd Mirth a foe
More fell than Care yon rake can show;
In short, if you 'd look on the tricks
Of this life's masks, or wish to mix
In your reflections politics,
To Goldsmith turning, you may find
A countless treasure for the mind.

THE STAGE.

READING THE ABBE DU BOS.

ATHENS, hey! treason! Well, then, Rome
Knew not good taste; who 's here at home
No glimpse * of Nature, where most wanted;
Unto their theatre she granted
In vain a province; little can
They gain by so absurd a plan.
While Garrick on the bare boards stood,
Which of us wishes for a wood?
Or when we listen with Macbeth,
Could Horror's struggle for her breath
Be greater " on the blasted heath?"
Rapt by the same enchanting strain,
Do we regret the absent main †?

* They wore masks. † See Tempest.

With characters so well portray'd,
The canvas is sufficient aid;
And with a Siddons or a Young,
Who sees the wall were it unhung?
Judicious, too, in air and dress,
Our drooping Shore and stately Bess
By these to fancy force access.
Those strange effects which you may find
In history, we are much inclined
To think, sprung from the untutor'd mind.
Our bard and player want not skill
To make their audience quite as ill;
But here good sense has been before 'em,
Subjecting Britons to decorum.

QUEEN CAROLINE*.

Each queen alive may have enough
Of your dear dedication stuff;
But few, methinks, with us will join
In praise† of mouldering Caroline.

* See a very full account of this wonderfully enduring woman in Faulkener's History of Kensington.

† Or rather in repeating her praise, as the variety of facts on record

Full readily 'tis understood
What one keen satirist means by good *;
While all the friends of Stuart join
In disrespect to Caroline,

Ye wits, how deeply this sun drew
From the famed fount, though left to you;
Some spars (11) at least were known to shine
Beneath the rays of Caroline.

Here Gratitude may well accuse
The scorn of each fastidious Muse;
While Collin from his sheaf shall twine
The unfading wreath for Caroline.

Let but some stripling pipe before
His cage, we hear the lion roar.
Thus shall my ditty bring to mind
Our Prince of Bards and Rosalind.

must convince us that Voltaire was but just in his high eulogium on this princess, to whom England is indebted for the encouragement of inoculation; and the great Halley was, amongst many others, for pecuniary assistance.

* See the heroic epistle to Sir William Chambers.

TIMON.

I 'LL scoop my lodging in this rock,
Beg me a bed from yonder flock;
The generous earth affords me roots,
And for companions, give me brutes.
For minstrelsy I 'll keep that wind
Which wafts a farewell to mankind.

I ask not to see pleasure's shade,
Of every pleasure grown afraid;
I ask not warbling birds, nor flowers,
Nor dimpling streams, to lull the hours;
I would within this valley find
But an asylum from mankind.

The world—ah! met I not when there
With every grief and every care?
Vices and follies urging on,
Till to despair their slave is thrown;
But Fortune miss'd her way, when blind
Enough, to drive me from mankind.

Sage Cynic, know it is with thee
Timon shall cordially agree;

Since we must in a prison * dwell,
Be mine a solitary cell;
Thus many a fiend is left behind.
Whom we discover'd 'mongst mankind [12].

FRAGMENTS.

ON THE SOUL BEING COMPARED TO A TADPOLE.

No doubt, the image of Iago's soul,
Not as I thought a fiction, your tadpole:
Out of so little, foul †, and black a thing,
A deed that's most detestable must spring.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Though the toad's found upon a flowery bed,
We recollect 'twas in a puddle bred,
And fable all the jewel in its head.

* See Hamlet.

† In which we are only adopting the vulgar error, without any antipathy to that perfectly innocent though persecuted animal, whose countenance is far more benign than that of the, in some respects, beautiful Guinea hen.

ON THOSE MELODIOUS LINES OF DR. MERRICK,

"LOVE WITH HIS LAMP."

THE fleece, to drink a richer dye,
Let not Italia's self deny;
And we 'll allow her silken * floss
Shall treat us with superior gloss;
Yet not that the material 's rough
Which can afford us such a stuff:
Britons, sing on then without fear;
While Merrick thus can charm the ear,
No tale against thy tongue we hear.

"IN PRAISE OF HAWTHORNS."

"IN praise of hawthorns!" yes, the praise
Of May is sung a thousand ways:
Where rhymes the man who has not drawn
A quill to Cowslip o'er her lawn?
"Ye sons of Care" who think us crazy
If we spare time to pick a daisy;
Be yours the weightiest golden bough,
But in return, pray let me know
Where blooms the olive for this brow;

* As Vida wrote on the art of managing the silkworm, it is most likely bred in Italy.

Then with my leave the frost may seize
The bay wreath of my reveries.

TO ESCHYLUS.

Poet, from that beheld by us just now,
We on your fate our credit must bestow:
The bird's sagacity * is seen as well
Through this poor snail's as through the tortoise-shell.

READING ADDISON'S TOUR THROUGH ITALY.

We cannot hold his judgment cheap,
Who, giving us the god of sleep,
Presents us with so young a boy,
His care can reach but to a toy;
Him such a care as this shall keep,
With that sweet labour, nurse to sleep.

READING HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

When you for foreign aid apply,
Let Prudence with her lynx's eye
Look out, lest here display'd again
The scene 'twixt Britons and the Dane.

* Did not know on what it was employed until we walked out.

Stay; we are wrong; the Saxon bore
This part, while Friendship's mask he wore,
And after this our history brings
Small honour to some ancient kings;
When the repeated Danegelt gives
Us a good hint on palliatives,
With which the coward is amused,
By the wise man but seldom used.

TO BRITANNIA.

How long must tears of gratitude *
Be shed by enemies subdued,
Before that stream shall flow which washes
From you the stain of Joan d'Arc's ashes?

BRITANNIA'S ANSWER.

'Twas in a dark age we received
That stain, for which (when seen) we grieved.
Contrition's tears, with those you name,
Have mingled till effaced our shame.

* Tears of gratitude. See Charity to French Prisoners.

ON THE WORD "LIKE."

BETTY, bring my new Dictionary,
That from all others it may vary;
There—let Oblivion take the word
That I so long have found absurd;
For when we are to speak of things,
Time, "as you like it," never brings;
For men we need not "like" replace,
Love for our neighbour must efface;
Revenge, it cannot be denied,
Here by one stroke was gratified;
Full easily had this temptation
Led us to blot a reputation.
Oh! Satire, may thy polish'd pen
(Good service it has done to men),
Rather than mark thee as unjust,
Beneath the tear of Pity rust;
And the sworn votary of guile
Thrive on Credulity's sweet smile.

ADVICE.

We see how many girls will try
To rival Emma's shape *;
Till by their pranks they grow awry,
Or friends for them wear crape.
Vie not with subtle Cæsar's brain †,
My Briton, but submit,
That, rough your works, good sense may reign
To be the wise De Wit ‡.

THE CONTRIVANCE.

By Mancha's[18] knight much mischief done
From his mistake he will not own;
But by enchantment thus again
He fights a battle (for his brain).
Let us then see what difference lies
'Twixt Don and men who pass for wise;

* "Fine by degrees, and beautifully less."—*Prior's Henry and Emma.*

† "In this expedition, Cæsar accustomed himself to dictate letters as he rode on horseback, and found employment for two secretaries at once; or, according to Oppius, for more."

‡ This eminent statesman being asked by what means he was enabled to despatch so much business, replied, that it was by never doing more than one thing at a time.

When such of reason shall recover,
A sight she shows their whim pass'd over,
Was of some monstrous folly born;
But now, lest they by shame be torn
For pride, a broad shield out of fate,
Cunning shall readily create
In mimickry of Wisdom's call,
Which out of nothing fetch'd the ball.

TO THE DISINTERESTED REFORMER.

'Tis by the tragic Cato said
That this world was for Cæsar made;
While comic Rhapsody insists
That it was form'd for novelists:
We here behold such strange transitions
They authorise the wildest visions;
But when by following * * *'s rules,
From such a dearth of knaves and fools,
These tales may be no longer told,
She will despise the loss of gold;
As yet, sweet babes, we 're in our glory,
When told another pretty story.

NORRIS.

If Harry's virtue should revive,
'Tis but by fits she 's known to live;
His barbarous time with many a stake
Illuminates for conscience' sake.
"To fan the hallow'd flame," says Death,
"I'd have" (strange thought!) "a courtier's breath:"
One king of terrors * well relied
On t' other, and a Norris died.

EPITAPH.

In honour of frail man be 't said,
Here Norris [14] lies, who lost his head,
Because his hand refused to stray
From Truth to smooth a monarch's way;
Here Virtue conquer'd, though the strife
Was great—it was with love of life.

HOLY WATER.

This man they use worse † than a thief
For falling short in his belief,

* "Henry the Eighth inspired *terror* into every breast."—*Hume*, vol. iv. page 212.

† Quakers were burnt at the same time that Gardiner was confined in the Fleet, for, amongst other offences, asserting the efficacy of holy water.

While loss of freedom waiteth such
As in this water put too much;
Which, though for centuries it had stood,
Unchanged * by age, is not made good.
Most wretched nation! when the pill
Of Faith is weigh'd by man, soon will
A hand like this be found to shake,
Soil the ingredients, or mistake.

TO JAMES THE FIFTH OF SCOTLAND.

Truly, James, but poor work,
This not going to York;
Because that the strife
Which shorten'd your life
We are apt to suspect by timidity bred.

Perhaps your own child
Such reflections beguiled,
Into trusting the queen,
Who closed a long scene
Of captivity sad, by taking her head;

* Holy water was used in England for baptism till the Reformation.

Or credulity caught
Her, while she saw nought,
But the hostage sent back *,
Quite blind to the knack
For decapitating which Harry enjoy'd.

By suspicion James died,
Mary too far relied †;
Though all 's for the best,
'Twere in vain to protest,
That by such tales as these our mirth is not destroy'd.

TO JAMES THE FIFTH OF SCOTLAND AND ESTHER VANHOMRIGH.

Hail! Esther and James!
Yes, I treasure the names
Of those two, so happy when things went amiss;

* The hostage was Gilbert Kennedy, Earl of Cassilis; generously sent back by Henry VIII. page 234.

† All circumstances considered, together with her own conduct, Mary could hardly be said to *rely* on Elizabeth as a friend; but by her ill fortune, to use the softest term, was forced into the power of her enemy.

Their wills being read,
They just go to bed,
And escape from a world that's so dismal as this.

While among human kind,
Though full often we find
Those lash'd by a number of monstrous long years;
This is not enough,
Still their hearts are so tough,
That the wherry of Charon might float in their tears.

KING CHARLES AND OLIVER.

Experimentally we find
Man to the future often blind;
How thick that veil [15] (who has not said?)
Thrown over our first Charles's head,
When we are told, that he, perforce,
Caused Oliver to stay his course.
What if the fanatic had steer'd
To foreign shores? from them, 'twas fear'd,
With more combustion to return;
But here's twice crossing of no bourn,
And a strange climate to engage,
Then gold might chain him there. The rage

For reformation thus destroy'd,
The king had long his crown enjoy'd;
Or, what it seems he held more dear,
His subjects might the mitre wear.

LUCIUS CAREY, LORD FALKLAND.

WHO can read far, before that he
Exclaims we 've here a deity!
But see this sanguine blot*; what then?
Falkland is but the best of men;
Could he forget what Cecil said†
To him, whose rashness cost his head;
Yet what was there on earth to raise
A wish for plenitude of days
In Falkland, who could never find
That treasure, a congenial mind?
Though those who most would Charles commend,
Observe, that " Falkland was his friend."

* Being instrumental to his own death; for as he always advised peace in the civil war, this triumph over his natural disposition even added to the dignity of his character.

† Lord Burleigh told Essex, " Those who are fond of blood see not out half their days." See Psalms.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

If you 'll suppose me Charles's son,
What had I then resolved upon?
I say his son, for I ne'er enter
On politics; let others venture
O'er quicksands, through that winding road,
And watch from thence their tottering load.
But now behold me Stuart again,
Over this nation would I reign,
Where some stood by, while others led
My father out to lose his head—
To these become a parent? No,
Rather 'mongst savages I 'd go;
To me more barbarous this shore
Than theirs, unstain'd by such a gore.
But Heaven, who turn'd Britannia's heart,
Declares her king must act his part,
Or answer for whatever 's done
Through his refusal of the throne:—
I should obey, but with a groan.

DOUGLAS.

WHO but laments it is the flame,
By which a Douglas must see Fame
Brings to our dear Britannia shame.

This wretched reign those very few
Who would excuse, say, Charles well knew
Man, and so gave the knave his due.

No doubt adversity has shown
To Charles some strangers to a throne,
By which in man adept he's grown.

Yet after all, you will admit,
This knowledge from our heart we get,
Or must accept from Holy Writ*.

WILLIAM AND MARY.

READING BISHOP BURNET'S OWN TIMES.

COULD Nassau more than bravely bear the lance
To give us Liberty, and humble France?

* "The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."—Jeremiah, chap. 17.

Yes, rule himself, so as t' APPEAR serene,
Till wholly conquer'd when he lost his queen:
Grief playing then the tyrant in his breast,
To avenge the passion* he had long supprest.
The Muse became her mourning in those days†:
How blest the bard who sung Maria's praise!
That saints will join him, Truth can not dispute,
E'en Faction's forked tongue for once was mute.

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

DEATH was so often told by Fame
That Marlborough led him as he pleased;
To prove her error to the dame,
Upon an only son he seized.

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

WHEN men of war or ministers of state
Call, and how justly call, our Churchill *great*‡,
Imagination to their view presents
Wisdom or Victory, council boards or tents:

* Anger.

† This does not mean any reflection on the mourning of later times.

‡ Lord Bolingbroke, when appealed to concerning the Duke of Marlborough, replied, "He was so *great* a man, that I have forgotten his vices."—*Voltaire, on English Nation*, page 86.

But see! where all such objects cast in shade,
The Christian hero now to be display'd,
His son's funereal torch must lend its aid.

ON LORD ROCHESTER.

From the examples here, we can
Find some consistency in man,
While they 're preparing to turn off
The fool, he shall at judgment scoff;
Wilmot, his exit * to be made,
Has wit enough to be afraid.

CLARENDON.

To those seduced by spite, it may be
Kind to show Wentworth † and his Raby,
That Dalilah through whom he found
In course of time his mortal wound ‡.

" Hertford §."—Our Johnson and another say,
List, brother, to the subject of our lay.

* Wilmot did indeed make his exit, having trod the stage as a mountebank.—*Burnet's Life of Rochester.*

† Lord Strafford. ‡ Vol. i. page 150.

§ On the Marquis of Hertford being made governor to the Prince. Vol. ii. page 426.

Roll the rock from off the vein,
Break a tyrant's favourite chain;
Chase the brindled monster hence,
Thou hast conquer'd Indolence.

Sprite by Camoens meant of yore,
When he vow'd that something more
Than our fancy knows to shape,
Rose upon them at the Cape.

Yes, it was the love of ease
Met them on those stranger seas;
Show'd the terrors of the main,
Though to Gama show'd in vain.

Marquis! tell us, tell us then,
How, and what, and where, and when:
How was Indolence beguiled,
That you on Promotion smiled?

Thus, Hertford, (who by Vandyke's touch arose),
Ask for yourself alone, since Johnson knows,
That he of duty had so strong a sense,
It was by this he conquer'd Indolence.

WHO * is there but admires that turn?
While we again o'er Falkland mourn,
Let not the stratagems of Pride
From us this wholesome council hide;
Not to believe we 're virtuous, when
We but admire such virtuous men.

THE friends of Charles may bless this faction,
For much he shone in that transaction †,
(Where we behold a gang of knaves
Come forth with swords, if not with staves),
Who with a most becoming spirit,
Blends king and cousin, such its merit,
As may entitle this to bear
The *christening* in that vile affair.

HOPTON ‡, you more than all those men may boast,
Their honour 's kept at a poor master's cost;
Thou 'rt honourable, now thy honour 's lost,

* Vol. iii. page 357. "So that a man might think he (Lord Falkland) came into the field chiefly out of curiosity, to see the face of danger and charity, to prevent the shedding of blood."

† King Charles dismissing his nephew at Newark. Vol. iv. page 721.

‡ To Lord Hopton, on his taking the command of Goring's and Grenville's army. Vol. iv. page 726.

If such a cruel and licentious crew,
Worthy their late commanders, can to you
Bring shame, while they their former course pursue.

Digby * runs through this piece to show it
Is not unnatural, where the poet
Joins tragedy and farce together.
"The sun will shine in falling weather,"
Says Shakspeare, "and I care but little
What Voltaire may my play entitle."

King Richard's ghost,
Which led the host
That triumph'd o'er this hated building †,
Revenge enjoy'd,
Its wealth destroy'd [10],
In massive bar and bolt now yielding.

But 'twas in haste
He led them past
Those walls intrusted with concealing;

* Lord Digby's going to Jersey. Vol. v. page 11.
† Pomfret Castle. Vol. v. p. 190.

Two friends of him
Deposed *, where grim
They lay, with cold and fear congealing.

Though now alone,
Each crumbling stone
They think the foe still plunder seeking;
Or should they doze,
They then suppose
Friends, who for them here died, are shrieking.

Then whispering, lie
And watch the sky,
Where the autumnal moon is waning;
Now through the chink
Discern, they think,
One come to finish their complaining.

By him shall fall
Each faithful wall,
But at their side ere he 's expected;

* See vol. iii. page 124.

This form appears,
And thus he cheers
Their spirits, though with look dejected.

Some ages since,
My father prince *
Join'd in subduing that vain nation †;
Which to your king
Shall ruin bring,
But why should courts be a temptation?

Be no time lost!
Trust Richard's ghost,
The imprison'd king must scorn attendance;
The infant duke ‡
May well rebuke
Those who on nobles place dependence.

Now all in vain,
Should peers remain,
Who could give birth to insurrection;

* The Black Prince. † France.
‡ Duke of York.

The carnage spare,
That strange affair *,
Shows Heaven averse to his protection.

Or, could Charles send
To Hampden's friend †;
Hampden, who was by him impeached:
Dead Hotham lies
Before their eyes,
Just so by Digby overreached.

Alas! a shade
Can give small aid,
Then soon with kindest wishes ending,
Bids them rely,
That none are by,
And that good fortune is attending.

CONCLUSION.

Methinks, in their outset, the Commons ‡ went wrong,
But the king o'erstepp'd Justice as he strode along:

* Being delivered to Hammond. † And son-in-law.
‡ In not supporting him in the Spanish war as they promised.

His queen, by a bigoted priesthood directed,
In the state was a meddler; and as we expected,
Ere the sword drawn for liberty rests in its sheath,
The subject or sovereign are conquer'd by Death.
Felt with much aggravation, there is no denial,
From the fanatic choosing that farce call'd a trial;
But yet to some persons, this king's worst condition
Was to hear and reply to that boor repetition:
Petition'd to death, this had all in good time
Prevented the axe, and saved them from that crime.
What a politic fiend was the father *, when brothers
Giving life to each cause, must take one another's;
When their faults † and their suff'rings fairly are reckon'd,
Few kings claim compassion with Edward the second;
And her son would not punish that monster his wife,
But no *service* could wipe off that stain from his life:

* Lord Clarendon tells us this was done, or we should hardly credit such a stratagem, to preserve their estates, whichever party should conquer.

† "Nothing but his narrow genius or his misfortunes were objected to him (Edward the second); for the greatest malice found no particular crime with which it could reproach this unhappy prince."—*Hume*, vol. ii. p. 326. Though, no doubt, Charles must suffer much, if only in apprehension of assassination.

Conspicuous indeed, as his reign was so glorious,
Of forgiving another *, whose guilt was notorious.

READING VARIOUS WRITERS.—THE REFORMED WRITER.

. . . . who all his day had wrote,
(I would we every word might quote,)
Startled by Conscience, towards the night
Would to Religion throw a mite.
True, from the once polluted platter,
When rinsed with purifying water,
Man often has been known to eat
Of wholesome, nay, delicious meat;
But in some corner still shall lie
Its old contents, t' attract the fly,
Who, but for this offence, had been
About far better viands seen;
Or, if you will, let Stanley play
At that church, which, though in their way,
'Tis evident enough, the mass
Of mortals hastily shall pass,

* One of the murderers having done him some service, threw himself at the king's feet, and received pardon.

While listening to the pipe and tabor,
(Our penitents' unlucky labour),
Let not his wit while young entice
Man to turn fiddler unto vice;
For, though he should correct his strain,
With many the old tunes remain,
And by their sons are play'd again.

WRITTEN, WHEN READING THE LIFE OF PETER THE GREAT,

BY MR. STRACHLIN, MEMBER OF THE IMPERIAL ACADEMY AT PETERSBURGH.

A LITTLE pride to humble man
Allow'd thee, Emperor, to trepan,
Whose reason thus oppress'd,
Mercy and Justice too must weep,
At least with thee they are asleep,
While thus * your head 's at rest.

Ere Piety your praise can chant,
Decorum cries, " Why wigs transplant †,

* Though extremely angry if he was awakened (being always ill if he had not his sleep out), he used to go to sleep with his head on the breast of one of his pages.

† He caused wigs to be exchanged during divine service.

From which I feel a wound?"
But what is this, or giving cold?
Thus sanction'd, Ridicule the bold
Shall step on sacred ground.

The torture, too, why still permit?
A palliative you have for it,
Both in your time and age;
But no excuses of this kind
We with posterity shall find,
When from th' historic page

Slaves to Humanity appeal:
Here often Innocence must feel
Through life repeated pangs;
While Avarice grinds with iron jaws,
Nor Luxury's less pain shall cause,
Though ivory her fangs.

Your country, Truth and Science loved,
A Nimrod's pleasure disapproved;
Fine clothes and idle state
Who could more heartily despise?
So far, perhaps, it may suffice,
'Mongst czars, to call you great.

But, Justice, when we read the act *
Through which Death seized thee, will expect
A higher tone; for can
We now refuse to thee a tear,
Or that the eulogy you bear
Of a most generous man?

READING OF ANCIENT MANNERS (17).

When the princess who blouzed from town
Reclined upon some russet down,
To keep a look out on those sheep,
Who would to greener pasture leap;
When panting through th' irriguous dell,
She tugg'd their beverage from the well—
Nay, more, I think 'tis somewhere said,
Such in those days turn'd laundry-maid;
What then remain'd for slaves to do,
Of whom they had such plenty too?
Then the distinction could not be
So great as now, though he is free
Who is employ'd by you and me.

* Rescuing some persons from the danger of drowning.

TO LAW,

AUTHOR OF "A SERIOUS CALL TO A DEVOUT AND HOLY LIFE."

By spite or riot kept awake,
A fit revenge of them I 'll take,
By listening to the counsels wise
Of Law, and learning to despise
This world; of which we rightly spell,
Writing that place where Demons dwell *.
Christ's rules he does not smooth away
To suit the fashion of our day;
Nor from his hand the sceptre wrest
To please those traitors in our breast.
Good man! I think with thee could I
But live, 'twere with the just to die †.

COMPLAINT OF HYGEIA.

READING AN ADMIRED AUTHOR.

Since the mention of health is so shocking a bore,
Pray let a *How do you* be never sent more.

* In scriptural language, the wicked only are of this world.

† On reading farther, I find that Mr. L.'s rules not allowing of the present state of society, some christian duties would be useless; but there is little fear of this doctrine prevailing.

Whence got this temptation a place in the throng,
Which endeavours to lead poor posterity wrong?
Much shame to our ancestors here must belong.
" Alas!" says Hygeia, " what is it I hear,
Not permitted by —— to approach human ear;
Except when attended by bolus and potion,
Thus reduced to receiving but silent devotion;
A proceeding with me which can never have merit,
Who must ever regard the flesh more than the spirit.
The mention of health could refresh conversation
With a civil reply to the congratulation;
That vehicle easy in which could ride post
The innocent flattery which now must be lost;
While those with chagrin most deservedly sit
Who expected (how vainly!) good sense or fine wit,
Should upon my expulsion slip into the void
To find that dull slander is this way employ'd:
And shall I still vermeil the lips of the beauty,
While to guard 'gainst my name is a part of their duty?
As peace is most thought on in war, Health shall find
Herself to maintain her old place in our mind.
But since this consolation don't seem to content,
What better expedient can Friendship invent?

Then a heathen no longer, your foe you embrace,
And him cover with blushes who seeks your disgrace."

THE FANCY PIECE.

READING A CERTAIN PLAY.

HERE life and death go as we would,
The wicked bleed, while bless'd the good.
A sketch from Nature? prithee cease,
At best a pretty fancy piece.
To give us Nature's features, you
Those of Melpomene must view.
Yet can some pencils manage it
So well between dame Truth and Wit,
Nature is ever kept in sight,
Though in an advantageous light.
E'en here an ugly thing is found,
But then so far in the back ground,
A pleasing group the first, who there
Would go and pore to find out care?
Shall we disturb yon fragrant flow'ret
For insects hid there to devour it?
No; in the honeyed cup may lie
For us a most voracious fly.

Beside, ten thousand strong its foe,
The silk enswathed embryo,
Lurking in many a leaf below
Her perfume caught, a parting glance,
The beauty left to time and chance.

TO MADAM SCUDERY,

AFTER READING HER BATHS OF THERMOPYLÆ.

Is Theramanes taught to speak
In French, in Latin, or in Greek;
We must confess she, through your art,
Well speaks the language of her heart,
Which, though to faithful Love a nurse,
Still gives the nut-brown maid's reverse.

THE SAMPHIRE GATHERER.

This samphire gatherer I find
Still hanging * on your reader's mind.
Imagination, proud of scope,
Gives the vibration of the rope.

* The samphire gatherer letting himself down by a rope fastened to a post in the field above, his hands slip, and falling, he clings to a piece which juts out of a smooth unclimbable rock, whose base is washed by the sea; and of this crag he can keep hold but a few moments.

(Dreadful suspense!) then brings despair
To lanch the gasping man in air.
A dismal death
Awaits beneath,
But now he 's safe *,
Despair, go chafe.
While on his joy we feast our eye,
Though, as the Thane says, " Man must die."

CAUSED BY READING NO. — OF THE MIRROR.

It always seem'd to me an error
In that admired work the Mirror,
(And what work more from faults exempt?)
One line to bring the least contempt
On Order, the beloved of Prudence;
He ne'er read Blair, we must conclude hence:
With whom sure no one will dispute
" Disorderly" is " dissolute."
And therefore wrong whoe'er presumes
Great minds are shown by litter'd rooms;
Rather, who can't help being nice
In trifles, must be shock'd at Vice.

* By throwing himself from the rock, having caught the rope as it approached him for the last time.

THE RAMBLER.

In this the gay and serious blend *
So well, that taste they ne'er offend,
And through your papers runs a care
Not to drive essayists to despair †.
Bless'd be the hour when thou, great man [18],
This first of human works began,
In which a comprehensive mind,
Being to long experience join'd,
Teach Prudence, yet with that pure spirit
Of Piety, your highest merit.

DRYDEN'S FUNERAL.

In Jeff'ries' son, see where revives
His father (prodigal of lives),
Who, while to sin he pays such court ‡,
Can with her offspring, Death, make sport.

* No. 161, where the affecting sketch of the Sisters can only be equalled by that admirable touch which burlesques the vanity of an author.

† As I think he somewhere says himself, "Because people are very well contented to be idle."

‡ By the falsity he told Dryden's widow, and the rest of that most wanton mischief-making.

READING JOHNSON'S REQUEST,

THAT MRS. THRALE WOULD SEND FRUIT TO MRS. WILLIAMS.

Lives there who this request can hear,
Without a pause, a glow, a tear?
Admit sometimes our Johnson swerved,
Deeper than such a fault deserved,
The simple Ostentation wounding;
Yet we shall ever find on sounding,
His heart might with his head compare,
And in the human triumph share.

READING.

In books, full often shall occur,
Since sprung from man books too must err,
Th' assertion, that a vigorous mind *
Is to corporeal strength confined.
Towards confutation, on our slips
We might outnumber Homer's ships †
In the Momus Scarron, so bore down
On pain's strong hold, that thence 'tis known

* Not only humour and invention, but even judgment and resolution, change and languish, with ill constitution of body and of health. Sir William Temple, and many others.

† As Mr. Bayes tells us.

The comic Muse will sometimes wear
In triumph 'midst her smiles a tear.
Beauty, though ever in the rout
Of healthy Clod*, shall not bring out
A genius. Fragrance meets his brain,
To prove all Nature's charms are vain;
Though you no doubt have learn'd at school,
Exceptions are to ev'ry rule†.

READING IN A ROMANCE REMARKS ON WRITERS OF TOURS.

My brethren dear, of way-worn shoe
And dusty coat, I speak to you
Of those, by all allow'd so clever,
Who think no better than a fever
Has seized upon us in our rout,
Through which our authorship breaks out.
But what of this? if Raphael paints
Nought less than goddesses and saints,
Upon the beauties of Baptiste
May not an insect find her feast?

* Says a learned divine (quoting the Book of Wisdom). It was a shrewd observation of a good old writer, "How can he get wisdom whose talk is of bullocks?"—*Brown's Estimate*, fifth edition, p. 74.

† As I hear in the Farmer's Boy.

And who is it that must be told
Landscapes as well as heads are sold,
Or that a character grows old?
That humour laughs at all restriction,
We every hour receive conviction;
Thus shall that most voracious feeder
On folio, yes, the story-reader,
From the first dish of Jack, go on
With a high relish to King John.
No incongruity detest,
Nay, th' impossible digest,
Rather than chew upon the dry
Husk of some art or casuistry;
And thus it is of all the rest
Possessing taste, as to the guest
Of palsied organ, Dulness shall
Alike on every viand fall.
Then novelist* and tourist stand
Before us; why not hand in hand?
For, says Urbanity, you 're both
But children of a larger growth;

* Novelists, whose labours promote the cause of virtue. As to those who do the contrary, we wish them to hide both their heads and works.

And though yours is the brighter toy,
For my sake, seek not to destroy
The pleasure he may take in viewing
A fine thing all of his own doing.

TO MADAME DE GENLIS, ON HER TALES OF THE CASTLE.

THE HELMET.

'Tis Wisdom, though she out of sight
Removes her bird, lest it affright
From her embrace the Gallic boy—
Thus plumes were thrown aside in Troy.

AFTER READING AN ACCOUNT OF MADAME POMPADOUR.

What time the grand monarque, with Pompadour,
Had stepp'd the dignity of station o'er;
Shall we believe the meaner sort his care,
While something worse than mere neglect the share
Of their superiors? No: 'tis thus we find
The God of day, subservient to the wind,
Must in chill vapours veil his radiant head,
Though the pale flow'ret looks up from the mead,
When suddenly is wither'd up beneath
His blaze the gaudy blossom of the heath.

Ere now, the monkey's art and tiger's claw *,
Spreading that net which to their ruin draw
A faith o'erloaded and a feeble law.
And sure 'twas only from that shameless hour,
Which bore the mate† of arbitrary power,
That the gigantic Insolence‡ could spring,
Who forced e'en Frenchmen to accuse their king,
Their tyrant king, the folly of whose day
Led to that scene§ from which man turns away:
By fiends polluted with some stains so dark,
These, though time flies, he fails not to remark.

BRUYERE.

The rich and poor man of Bruyere
Few draughts of characters come near,
Except that we cannot endure
To see a knave made of the poor,
When Collier says, what all men know,
Integrity might keep him so.

* I believe it is Voltaire who says his countrymen are either monkeys or tigers.

† Lust.

‡ Suppose the insolence of Madame Pompadour to the Queen; but so long since I read the Life, that I forget.

§ French Revolution.

TO ZIMMERMAN.

But tell us, did this Solitude,
By you so lavishly endued,
Ne'er to his cell lorn Grief entice?
Then keep, till she produced a vice,
We will not say; yet, nothing loth,
Young Melancholy wedded Sloth.
Conspicuous 'mongst their hideous race,
The spectre with a merry face *;
Whose sister †, changeful as she 's speck'd,
The snake so rarely more than check'd.
Cries Zimmerman, " 'Tis not the same
From whom proceeds your dreaded dame ‡:
Pray to *our* Solitude attend;
No cynic, he would have a friend,
A friend or two." Ay, here you tell
Out such a treasure, all is well.

TO MADAME DE MAINTENON,

ON READING HER LETTERS.

Madame, we know you pity her
Who was not brought up at St. Cyr;

* Atrophy. † Scurvy. ‡ Melancholy.

And see you weeping o'er the time *
When Superstition grew a crime.
Ah! did you now behold that nation
(Whose faith was to work your salvation)
While it at decency is spurning,
And to barbarity returning;
Which for philosophy they take,
Who would from all religions break.
I can remember on this head,
(Religion) you with justice said,
From those within cold convents pent,
Warm wishes to the world are sent;
While such as in a crowd remain,
Feeling that all around is vain.
Here Vice, there Folly, meet with mourning,
From them to Heaven often turning.
'Twas by this reasoning, no doubt,
You were prevented (most devout)
From entering the grated wall,
Unless by a superior call.
To a luxurious court brought back,
There its vain-glory to attack,

* The Reformation.

By setting forth the charms of Peace
To him, who, copying after Greece,
Young Cyrus, and rapacious Rome,
Thought he could bring true honour home
By the old rout of a Red Sea,
Not that way Louis came to thee.
This dame, who near a century after
Your Colbert's death, waits our Bridgewater,
And raises now a Howard's name
'Bove Norfolk's trophies; though by fame
These are held high, through many an age,
To ornament the tomb or page.

READING MADAME DE MAINTENON'S LIFE AND LETTERS.

Dame Scarron, when we see thee sue,
And from Compassion get your due,
How little probable that day
Should break, when you the sceptre sway.
But if to cavil here inclined,
We grant 'twas but the despot's mind,
Which from his Montespan was led
By thee to govern in his stead.

Says Reason, " That enchanting chit,
Call'd Beauty, cloying; Matron Wit
Shall in due time preside of course,
Looking not farther for the source
Which gave a woman power to part
Vice and this mighty monarch's heart.

* * * * * *

* * * Fair Montespan,
Pity of Reason gets the better,
When you peruse your rival's letter,
That master-piece on this occasion;
But from such pens how hope persuasion.
Some scenes we know Philosophy
Can gaze on with a steady eye;
Others present so strange a dance
Of Vice and Virtue, Time and Chance,
She from it feels the acutest pain;
But when beginning to complain,
Religion with her glass supplies
A remedy, beyond the skies.
But to our lady. Though you feel
Your country's most pernicious zeal,
With other follies, that firm friend
Humility would oft contend.

As to your wit, 'tis you advise
That we this quality despise;
From Heaven so bright a talent sent,
On a good cause, pray why not spent?
To hide it 's hardly innocent.
Some lines are in your letters told,
Which would add lustre stamp'd in gold;
Those hints with which your niece is furnish'd*
Would set off the most highly burnish'd.
Now reading on, I cried " a shield†
Here is, if critics deign to wield
Their lance, shall guard our feeble sex;"
But then, who is it comes to vex?
'Tis Truth, with a contemptuous smile,
Who points to what is said on style.
Mine is the fault; were mine the charms,
I would not drop the new found arms,
Lamenting that they will not fit,
Nor to the critic thus submit.

* See letter ccxxx.

† " In every thing women write, there are, you know, a thousand deviations from the rules of grammar * * * * * * * * * *. But, with your leave, there is, too, an elegance rarely to be found in the writings of men."—*Madame M.'s Letters.*

LOUIS LE GRAND.

Louis the Conqueror—of some towns,
When dying, very wisely owns
That he from Wisdom had stray'd far,
Through that delight he took in war.
In vain Boileau joins self-deceit,
The tyrant finds, though worlds were beat,
That ruling slaves can't make him great.

ON DIPPING INTO A HORRID BOOK.

With monsters strange our press shall teem,
As ever sprung from feverish dream:
The meek-eyed dove with vulture's feet,
And ape with cherub's wing, we meet.
In voyage, novel, play, or poem,
Full oft whatever be the proem,
'Tis Truth who says to various places,
Sly Infidelity she traces.
"I cried out here, *all* vile and vanity!
Prodigious mixture! Christianity
Bravely defended for two pages;
Thus between fiends the saint* engages."

* St. Michael.

TO THE INVENTOR OF THE TELESCOPE.

EXPLAINING to us one old world
Was all aspired to
By ancients, but a modern comes
To give a thousand new.

ON A PICTURE IN LADY MILLER'S TRAVELS,

FORTUNE TWIRLING A CROWN ON HER FINGER.

WE, by this plaything of a crown,
Find but a common thought:
Fortune we know diverts herself
With all that can be bought.

Yet man will wait upon her will,
And every art employ
To catch and keep from neighbour dupe
The much admired toy.

Thus childhood, varying his sport,
Throws that soil'd straw away,
From which the maniac weaves his wreath
Of laurel, fresh and gay.

TO NOVEL READERS.

" Ye dear pretty ladies," who feed on that food
The nice moralist loathes, as but seldom found good,
Don't think we presume here to force down a slice,
But beg you will taste of our wholesome advice.
When the ancient romance would subdue with high hand
Weak Reason, her way is to have at command
Some chieftain renown'd, some invincible knight,
Who puts all the foes of her damsel to flight.
Though while these brave fellows to liberty give her,
On them the sly Cupid should empty his quiver.
But let us return to our Reason, (grown stronger)
To tales such as these she will listen no longer.
From all her machinery of giants and dragons,
Fiction stoops to such heroines as rise from stage waggons*.
But adapting her tone to a new masquerade,
It is still with success she goes on to persuade.
And now we behold, 'mongst those regions she'd people,
The Virtue that towers with Salisbury steeple;
By whom it is common to find her relieved,
Whom the slaves to low vice or self-int'rest deceived.

* Amongst our first novels are those of Pamela and Joseph Andrews.

Now this Virtue exalted is so very rare,
I think that a simile here may be fair.
When through some fine castle we follow the maid,
There (raised by magicians well known, Light and Shade),
That pleasure is felt which shall us detain,
While loud from the turret Time warns us in vain:
'Mongst nobles so grim, and landscapes so glowing,
Shall hang fruit and flowers which seem to be growing;
That seldom, if ever, its nect'rine without,
In this the most beautiful blossom no doubt.
Thus our Indian, just landed, concludes here as common
As the apple and rose, the pomegranate and Roman *.
Now what we would beg is, that in any shape
Britannia's young daughter don't hazard a scrape,
From thinking the aid with which novels abound
Shall by a lost woman be presently found.
That Poverty often may meet with relief
From Pity, who questions? 'tis in my belief;
But as to a number of those situations
She 's forced to by Fiction, distrust these relations;
Fly such, by the help of that Piety pure,
Who forbids your approach, though of victory sure.

* The Roman, a fine sort of nectarine.

THE PLAY-GROUND.

A WEDDED Swift, the Iron Mask,
Junius and Rowley, give a task
For fair Imagination;
Or rather leave her ground, (you 'll say)
Where exercising every day
She finds new recreation.

ON DOMENICHINO.

'Tis an Italian sleeps beneath this stone,
Whose fate and character are little known;
For fame, enamour'd of his favourite art,
Proud of that saint* he drew, forgot his heart.
Yes, Domenichino, who might well adorn
The Romish† calendar, must live forlorn,
Though not without the eulogy from scorn,
Of patient and industrious, then through men
Dies by their passions suited to the den.

Had not Domenichino been famed for patience, he might have been heard addressing the moralist thus:

* Saint Jerome.

† If only meek, he might be better than some of that church's saints.

" And must I meet this slow-paced cruel death ?
Come, then, fond Moralist, account with me,
For all my loss of—nay, for falsehood's breath
Inhaled so often listening to thee.

" Virtue shall make the shaft of Slander vain,
Hers too that force which triumphs o'er Despair,
When Malice issues from his dark domain,
To rally 'gainst us many a heavy care.

" Full of the sceptre which should break their yoke,
When they beheld the lord with pastoral wand:
(Rash man) 'twas thus the chosen people spoke,
Blind to those legions under his command.

" Against Despair we promised thee a shield,
But not that force which foils the mortal blow;
Nor say by this we have a truth conceal'd,
From idle hopes shall disappointment flow."

READING A MOST ILLIBERAL CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH *.

COULDST thou no meaner subject choose,
When, like thyself, thou wouldst amuse

* I have forgotten who is the author.

Thyself by gathering Slander's breath,
But it must taint Elizabeth,
Great queen! and without flattery said,
Great wit! who could preserve her head,
Long by a gloomy tyrant * sought,
No more by Hymen to be caught
Now than when Parliament's petition
Upon the altering her condition.
That still the same, she every measure
Can take, and change each step at pleasure.
Her hand kept free, can firmly grasp
At home the sceptre; once an asp,
Which did the subjects' vitals suck,
To Belgia now become a crook,
Castille deplores the blow it struck.
The charge of doting passion 's void,
For see the rebel earl † destroy'd;
Because, while looking on the axe,
Men often cease to pay the tax
Which by strict prudence has so long
Been thought a debt due from the tongue.

* Her sister Mary.
† Essex, though through the traps set by his enemies.

Nor need we go about to prove,
Silence was not kept here, through love.
Not more than twelve!—so say the chimes:
Somnus must answer for more rhymes.
No doubt Elizabeth was great;
The safety of her church and state,
At least, may much extenuate
Her conduct towards th' unhappy creature *,
So famed for elegance and feature.
Methinks the worst deed of our queen
Was when (because of rank but mean),
She did not check the law's demand,
But let a subject lose his hand †,
For just the advice that Sydney gave her,
And which she took in time to save her.
Oh! had I but a Goldsmith's pen,
Above most patriotic men[19],
You should behold this hero stand,
Who, waving with his only hand ‡
His cap, in agony found breath
To cry, "Long live Elizabeth!"

* Mary, queen of Scots.

† Hume. Surely, even in those times, his presumption merited not such a punishment.

‡ We hesitated on presenting so shocking a spectacle, but admiration conquered.

While we exclaim, Ah! what a portion
Of loyalty! here no extortion
Drew the reluctant blessing out,
To pacify the gaping rout.
When of this glorious queen I read,
Her darkest blot with me this deed.
And as I hear of no amends,
I hope (and so must all her friends),
She never knew to what a heart
Was acted such a cruel * part.
Yet Stuarts' fav'rers deem her death †
The worst act of Elizabeth.
Though men grow through their love short-sighted,
By anger oftener still outwitted;
For her the worst, thus Mary 's pitied.
Fortune is blind, so it 's no mystery
That Scots and Frenchmen ‡ write our history.

* That Elizabeth was sometimes cruel cannot be denied; but might not thirteen pretenders to her crown, and her deposition by the pope, add to her natural severity? though it was the less pardonable when it fell on a friend like this sufferer.

† At which dismal hour she shone a queen. It has been remarked, that the Stuarts were greatest, perhaps never great, but in adversity; and fortune seems to have delighted in affording them but too many opportunities of displaying the family virtue.

‡ Hume and Rapin. Though even by the former, Elizabeth has been more liberally treated than by some who were Protestants, and of her own country.

LIFE OF LORD HALIFAX.

Our second Charles by Montague,
A pretty painting; and 'tis true
That courtiers looking on their king,
The brilliant diadem shall fling
Over each feature such a glare,
That the most swarthy man seems fair.
Death having here the crown removed,
By this remark there 's nothing proved
Against a likeness. Then he drew
To please the family in view *,
Or gratitude has given the hue.
Perhaps when flying but a thought
Oppressive, lawless pleasure caught
Our Charles (th' illustrious 'mongst wits);
And see, his wounded soul submits.

TO CERTAIN WRITERS.

Could I but boast a ———'s name,
Then mine should carry yours to Fame:

* Which he did, though I find on reperusing the Life, that it was at the desire of the Chancellor of Cambridge, where Mr. Montague, a stanch Whig, then studied.

Authors and authoresses new,
To whom, methinks, great praise is due;
But you have play'd too sure a card
To miss of that the best reward:
Here Curio cries, "Pray who are these?"
Read on to know them, if you please:
It is not he who dreaming draws
A fancy piece, and then the "Laws
Of Nature" naming, wills in vain
That the creation of his brain
Be studied, till it shall persuade
How every wondrous world was made;
Nor is it he who shall produce
The tome professedly for use
Of such as me, yet there will strew
Quotations Roman not a few:
(Cruel, who with his pudding lures,
Then keeps its pith from epicures;)
Whom leaving, we with pleasure look
Where it is Wisdom writes that book;
Which tough cow-hide is to enfold?
No, she will cover it with gold *.

* Children's books were universally covered with such paper.

Thus form his shield, when Vice shall roam
T' attack the infant at a home,
Where oaths pollute the husband's lips,
The wife, his threshold by her trips;
And there the generous vine forced in
Reason to drown and buoy up sin;
Of duty left but little sense,
Their child from custom picks up pence;
While Heaven directs the opening mind
Aid from the baby's book to find;
For much the pious volume teaches,
That tale of "Master Goodchild" reaches,
Who there enticingly is praised,
While by the bad boy dread is raised.

DUCHESS OF MAZARINE (20).

When we would expatiate
On the inconstancy of fate,
Let us think on Mazarine,
She who might have been our queen;
In whom the wealth of queens once met,
Died here a stranger, and in debt *.

* That train of ideas by which I am hurried to those fine pieces of sculpture, near Boughton, must here meet the reader of St. Evre-

READING AN AUTHOR WHO RECOMMENDS EXTRAORDINARY EARLY RISING.

We cannot keep what company we choose,
I wish for Somnus, and behold the Muse!
How can we bear to read this book,
Who, as to earthly blessings, look
On sleep as one among the best
That is by wretched man possess'd?
Who in this world of woe is vex'd
By many a fear about the next?
It may be age, or some disease,
Contrives our visual orb to tease
So much, it must perforce refuse
The mental powers to amuse;
And twenty other reasons why
We don't let in good company.
How then shall Reason footing keep,
If we reject the aid of sleep?
Nay, Nature, if too long withstood,
Her fix'd attention for our good,

mond, who will, to see him smile, on the rejection of that taste which brought *heathen* deities into a *christian* temple.

Through sleep (in whom she so delights,
That to some creatures months are nights),
Mourns him who, proud her laws to foil,
Slow poison pours in midnight oil;
O'er which he pants for fame and breath,
Till doom'd to sleep the sleep of Death.

DESULTORY REMARKS* ON THE SORROWS OF WERTER.

One wholesome herb the youthful pick †,
Which should they keep with care,
Their social circle feels not spleen,
Th' attendant of gray hair.

But gladly would the moralist
Your dangerous work destroy,
That garden in which Vice is hid,
T' ensnare each girl and boy.

* Which might be spared, as even the writer of them acknowledges that the popular ballad, beginning "Woeful was the reign," is better calculated to oppose this pernicious book than serious reflections, though from a pen which could enliven the most melancholy subject. See *Moore's Suicide.*

† The young will attend to these good observations on a splenetic old age.

Who shun those cultivated spots,
  Where Reason finds delight;
And to Despair's black cavern skip,
  Where even Love can fright.

Sip not, oh! fluttering Beauty, here,
  But spread thy wings ere long;
For thee with poison work'd that web,
  A thousand mazes strong.

Where cheerful once the saffron glow'd,
  Blackthorn henceforth how rife;
Then shall not simple Truth pronounce,
  The pair undone for life?

We doubt not but impetuous youth,
  Werter, in its own eyes,
From the control thus fancied harsh,
  To show his spirit flies.

Nor need Dulcinea long be sought,
  Some sentimental harlot
Shall to his vicious fancy seem
  The rival of a Charlotte.

At length alarm'd, but when and where?
'Tis St. Sepulchre's bell *
From mem'ry calls forth Lillo's scene †!
Fear paints what none can tell.

The advocates for Werter boast
Charlotte was not bereft
Of honour: had he been but just,
How soon had she been left.

Werter must never be forgot,
Whose pure self-love remark ‡;
Lest Time should Charlotte's peace restore,
His letter fans the spark.

Yet how superfluous, methinks,
Your tomb within her reach,
That to the long enamour'd heart
You elegies should teach.

* Tolls when criminals go to execution.

† George Barnwell.

‡ A contrast to this conduct of W. is to be found in the 19th number of the Mirror.

Ungenerous, must poor Albert be
Convinced? (thy triumph told),
Her love with ardour flies to thee,
On him waits duty cold.

Spirits benign, watch o'er that dome,
Whose lord is growing grave;
Whilst blooming females read this page,
Nor let them thoughtless brave

Discretion, following so fast
The hopeless Albert's mate,
That they through giddiness outstep,
And weep a fallen state.

Absence is the specific given,
Those who 've the old complaint *;
Such as this wholesome draught refuse,
Perhaps to death may faint.

For by the bitterest herbs we know
Hygeia is replaced,
When by the treacherous cane † dethroned,
That flatterer of the taste.

* Love is so called in some modern comedy. † Rum and sugar.

Much to admire here Genius finds,
And he may feel how good
The observation, "certain minds
By few are understood."

Let such a pen as this no more
The part of Passion take,
Who always has sufficient strength,
But Reason's force awake.

THE BRITISH YEAR.

THE BALLAD SINGER AND OPERA GIRL.

WRITTEN IN JANUARY.

AND here we will pick up that worn clue, the weather,
Which will lead us to birds, not all birds of a feather,
Though the owl and the blackbird were both heard
together.
'Tis thus from the stage-box they Thrilla encore,
While a "hey derry down" passes by the house door.

APPROACHING SPRING.

How soon the bloom of this year comes;
Those boughs are budding which shall meet,
Ere that rash bee, who lonely hums,
Has finish'd hoarding up his sweet.

Hepatica and crocus blow;
The saffron spears beneath our feet;
While snowdrops give a patch of snow,
When all that we desire is heat.

The woodman throws his broad axe down,
And hies him home to savoury meat:
See, where he toil'd the blackbird 's flown,
To pick up insects for a treat.

The robin will not quit his stand,
Though often by those sparrows beat,
Who from the wicket watch that hand
Which furnishes his cup with wheat.

Those leaves, so curious in decay,
Now strew'd about our summer seat,
From parent ivy swept away,
Soon all our garden waxes neat.

By this you see whom we obey,
Yes, Hope has found out our retreat;
That gaudy phantom, ever gay,
Flies here, the approaching spring to greet.

At her enchanting smile, we turn
Our thoughts from all this ice and sleet,
Through whom more piercing ills are borne,
Till joy in other realms we meet.

April 15th, soon after sun-rise.

DEAR FRIEND,

To you who wish to know
How plants for use or beauty grow;
To you who 'll from my rhymes pick out
What * * * * is about;
First, as the news that 's most surprising,
Let me describe my early rising:
While morn, to meet the day, in haste
Snatch'd up that robe which would not last;
A weed from Brobdinagian sea,
The leafless elm appear'd to me;
But on that golden shore display'd,
In the poetic page portray'd:
When lo! a squall of sleet, but lead
The sky, o'er faded beauty spread,
For know to us the spring is dead;
Birds sitting silent in our bushes,
And frozen frogs * choke up the rushes;

* Spawn.

While violets live but to lament
Their growing poverty of scent;
Barta's had periwig'd with snow *
The peach, that braced up blooming beau;
Where pale narcissus bends to view
His beauties in the stiffen'd dew;
That stock, but dwarfish, when full grown,
In hue resembling the fire-stone;
The pea, whose mimick spark of fire
Was shown to me by my good sire,
I used to raise with many more,
Because he raised in days of yore:
But here Spring closes with regret
That we could neither sow nor set
Those soft successions which delight:
Fine taste your dreams may give to-night;
Since tedious droughts, so frequent here,
Nature must huddle up the year,
Through rain incessant; in one scene
Must give the red and fragrant bean,
In vain committed to the earth
At different seasons, one their birth;

* It continued snowy weather long after this.

In vain, too, shall the vigorous shoot
Of laurel with our winds dispute,
Its brightest foliage torn away,
'Midst autumn's refuse to decay.
Decay reminds me of that bell,
Whose silence best the praise can tell
Of that clear air in which we dwell:
For justice' sake, too, let me say
Something of purple clouds one day *,
Here streak'd with such a grassy green,
By me the like was never seen;
Save this, no stroke so fair or bold,
To cheek remarking of how cold;
Sometimes the eye of discontent,
Still wandering o'er the vales of Kent,
Will fix on that bank in the dell,
Where oft I found the spiral shell †,
Which has the wreck of time withstood,
But to demonstrate Pyrrha's flood;
Thus to a flimsy page those turn
Who would the strength of bulwarks learn.

* April 9th. † Under the wood by Marle House, Kent.

Here, too, the leaper in pursuit—
Of what? the hazel's* broom minute:
Such egotism can't offend,
In those who're writing to a friend,
When here we're gay (you rightly guess'd),
No competition breaks my rest:
But of the spray who whistles best.
As little of your town I know,
As those which edge the Rhine or Po;
For me no hero stalks the stage,
Nor can I tell if ton or rage
Be now the fashionable word
For all that's pretty or absurd;
What have we to amuse my friend,
The beach of Cambria or Southend?
Sussex† shall offer her its rock,
Nay more, from favourite Wells a block,
With which, perhaps, when this is read,
You'll join (though not a Chaucer's‡ head):
With Eve's pale star my lamp I light,
('Tis strange) to view the eagle's flight,

* "Each hazel bore a nightingale."—See Marle House, p. 85.

† Bognor Rocks.

‡ The resemblance of the poet Chaucer's head is to be seen on a fossil in the British Museum.

While in my friends I still rejoice
To hear the Roman friendship's * voice;
Come, then, the Italian song † forget,
And bless me here with a duet;
Who you will not suspect to feign,
When yours as ever I remain.

TO * * * *, A CERTAIN COUNTY.

Your flowers, an ill-fated tribe,
Are slighted by the sun,
Whose beams they languish to imbibe,
Their blooming soon is done.

Though deeply into earth each root
Strikes to elude the cold,
Which with its fibres does not suit,
It soon must quit its hold.

Thus, when the prince's love is lost,
Though statesmen may retire,
All they from their retreat can boast
Is to unseen expire.

* While the Roman history was read to me in an evening.
† The opera.

SUMMER.

MR. * * * TO THE SWALLOWS IN HIS CHIMNEY.

LIKE me, poor birds! the world don't know
From whence you come, or where you go;
Guiltless disturbers of my rest,
In peace may each enjoy its nest:
May none inflict a lingering death *,
To find if you in winter breathe;
Our waves, or Araby's † beneath
Your note, though rude compared with others,
Yet a kind act of our good mothers,
Thus to remind me of (sweet race)
Birds which fly far from this throng'd place.

THE WET DAY ‡.

'TIS just on such a morn as this is,
When through the dull cloud Phœbus kisses

* Swallows have been shut up in a room, where they died, to see if they would go beneath a pool formed there.

† Some writers suppose them beneath sands during winter.

‡ "It's not enough considered," says Swift, "to what accidents the world is indebted for many of those notable writings which hourly start up to entertain it—a rainy day, a fit of the spleen, a want of books."

Our earth, the housewife fits a lining,
Or sets herself a task in spinning;
The papist on his saint is pouring,
The witling his own works adoring;
The sprightly belle invents new dresses,
Or turns a thousand ways her tresses;
Sir Epicure improves made dishes,
And Indolence lies making wishes.
So goes the world, now pro and con:
Is 't better that the clouds weep on
Their journey thus, a dozen days,
Or that king Sol remount his chaise
In all the splendour of July,
When night once more hath ruled the sky?
Whether he does so, or it rains,
Still the same character remains;
Each man in his old road, the fact is,
On the colt Theory, or blind Practice.

GOODY GRANNUM AND THE SUN.

We know that few poetic men
But soon or late have seized a pen,
Dipp'd in the Heliconian stream,
To write the praise of Phœbus' beam;

Let those, in their exalted phrase,
Tell us about the solar blaze;
While I, an humble scribe, set down
Nell's song, while darning up her gown.
" When the sun shines, if but on nettles,
Our copper saucepan, or tin kettles;
The standing pool beset with rushes,
Or rags hung out on gooseberry bushes;
I always to my daughter say,
' My heart is light,' and sing away,
As if it were the first of May;
But when I put on all my best,
To squire's steward a welcome guest,
Why, in dull weather, lack-a-day,
I might as well have staid away;
In vain are curtains, silver mugs,
Great looking-glasses, and hearth rugs,
The flower garden and good cheer;
So that to me it does appear
Toward gaiety there 's little done,
If we cannot secure the sun."
And here a veteran truth is press'd,
" Virtue alone can cheer the breast;"
But to Ambition's fever'd sight,
Stars or a jewell'd cap give light.

AUTUMN.

THE REDBREAST.

How silent sits the sweet redbreast,
Till weary Nature, half undress'd,
Shakes the last garland from her head,
While hast'ning to prepare her bed.
And must she now stoop to the sheaf
Who lately press'd the rose's leaf?
'Tis then, though with a drooping wing,
By Gratitude compell'd, will sing
In plaintive notes the sweet redbreast,
Until the matron goes to rest,
On the beginning of that night,
(Winter at best is but twilight)
At close of which she walks in white;
Though partial to the showy, still
Fringing her shroud with icicle.

HARVEST HOME.

The beauty of the year is o'er,
With clover purpled now no more;
Its sucking lambs no longer bleat,
But harvest home 's sung through the street.

The parch'd earth gasps for those cold rains,
In which the gleaner counts her gains;
Which spring from barley, rye, and wheat,
When harvest home 's sung through the street.

Of all the faces full of glee
In this bless'd land of liberty,
A farmer's gives the highest treat,
When harvest home 's sung through the street.

To fill his lofty barn, nay, more,
The very rick-yard running o'er;
He lives in clover when we 've sleet,
Or harvest home 's sung through the street.

May Gratitude sit at his board,
'Tis she will tell him not to hoard
That corn which want could almost eat,
As it is sung home through the street.

THE AUTUMNAL SUNSET.

SHED o'er these yellow leaves, pale Autumn's beam,
The golden sun of jocund June you seem;
Know that Apollo cannot lose his power,
But Wit is to illuminate this hour.

APPROACHING WINTER.

PARENT of that churl just at hand,
Behold the faded Autumn stand,
So stern and stiffen'd up in straw,
From her, Eliza, we might draw
She who, on what were wasted grain
To fools, supports a numerous train;
When on a sudden changed her fruits,
Tempestuous Autumn throws to brutes,
Those who admire [21] our climate own;
Now, not the smallest trace is shown
Of the sweet girl in primrose gown,
Who led young Love to fill our bushes
With cuckoos, nightingales, and thrushes;
Without one ray to dry her tears,
'Tis but a drooping morn appears,
Presenting us with fresh mushrooms,
(To Luxury's praise she thus presumes),
Which calls to mind the arch rogue Puck,
And proves the year disgraced by muck;
Whose fingers lately tipp'd with roses,
Show'd that their work was making posies.

The daw is here to break our slumber,
And rooks defying us to number;
At noon on yonder sycamore
She sits, whom love-sick souls adore:
And near each stream these hear her say,
"Though wretched Damon need not stay,
We doves can only *pine* away."
Indeed, what now remains to tell,
But her despair for Columbelle,
Whose blood the tranquil scene profanes,
I fear too justly she complains
Of man, who need not look for lead
When he has got it in his head,
To murder the fast fleeting day,
By mimicking the bird of prey;
Whose only note is, "hear and die,
All that with me would share the sky."
Of game laws * let such boors be proud †,
Who are by nature just endow'd

* "Foreigners, in a sneering manner, frequently take notice that, in England, gentlemen of property only are allowed to *butcher* hares, partridges, and pheasants."—*Alexander's History of Women*, vol. i. p. 545.

† Every conscientious man, though not proud of *them*, will, since he hourly experiences the protection of our excellent laws, cheerfully submit to those on game.

To keep the game, but liberal arts
Be still pursued by generous hearts:
Phœbus himself by them outrun,
They for the lamp exchange the gun;
Except when planted in those fields,
Where it unfading laurel yields *.

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

When lately matchless Shakspeare faced the court,
The cause of Wit and Virtue to support,
It was my luck to hear a dressy dame,
Where Robin on his mushroom sat, exclaim,
" Dear, what a pretty boy upon a muff!"
We could not take her for Sir Joshua's Puff.

WINTER.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

This morn arising such a creature,
She could not tempt Sol out to meet her,
We by degrees find worn away
Into a dull disgusting day;

* When the war is defensive.

With whom see sullen Silence go,
T' enchain the tongue of daw and crow,
Permit not hungry herds to low,
Forbid the pensive redbreast's tale,
And to the floor confine the flail;
The heavy fog shall lend his aid;
No leaf shall rustle as they wade
To pick the refuse of the shock,
And once how fair! the wither'd stock;
With marygold, whose faintest hue
Glitters amid unwholesome dew;
In these dress'd up that wretched day,
With whom the spleen shall weeping stay,
To wind with her a dreary way;
When lo! how quick the rockets fly,
Of joy's approach to tell the sky;
While bells strike up, the rustics sing,
Some "Jockey," some "God save the King;"
The crackers bounce, the bonfires blaze,
The parting day is all amaze:
Thus when by love some booby's struck,
Grisetta wonders at her luck.